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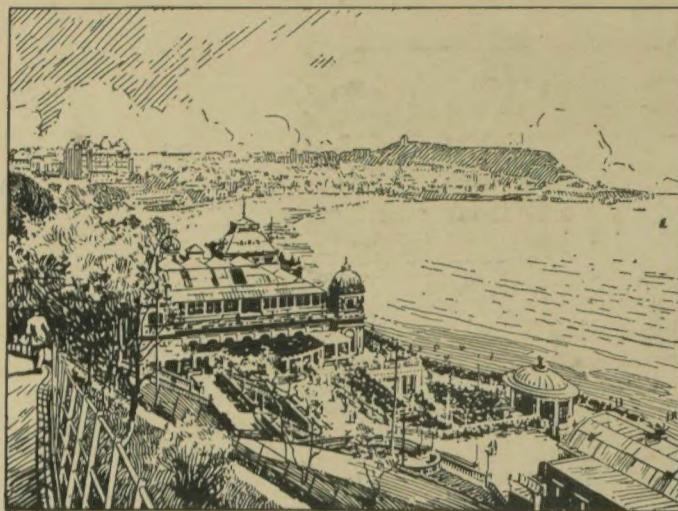
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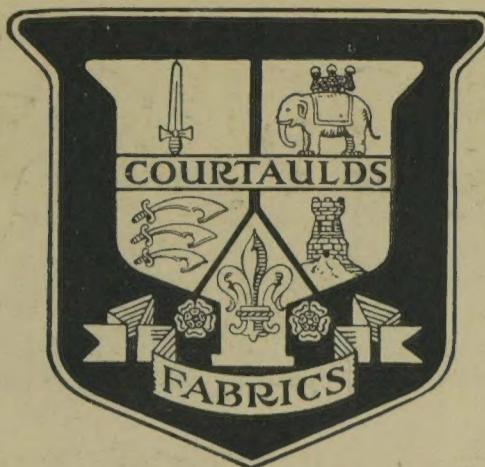
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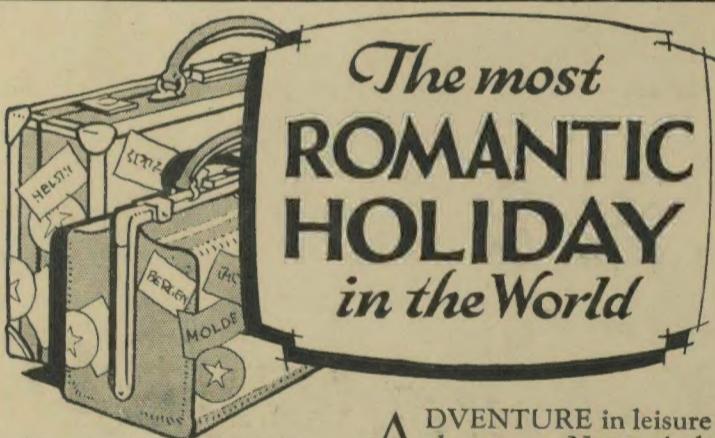
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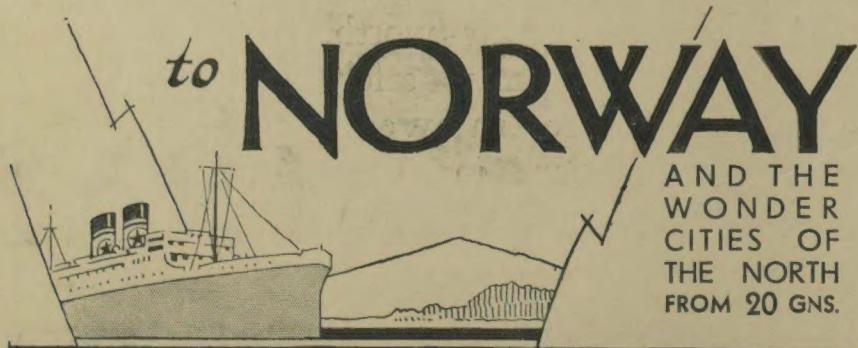
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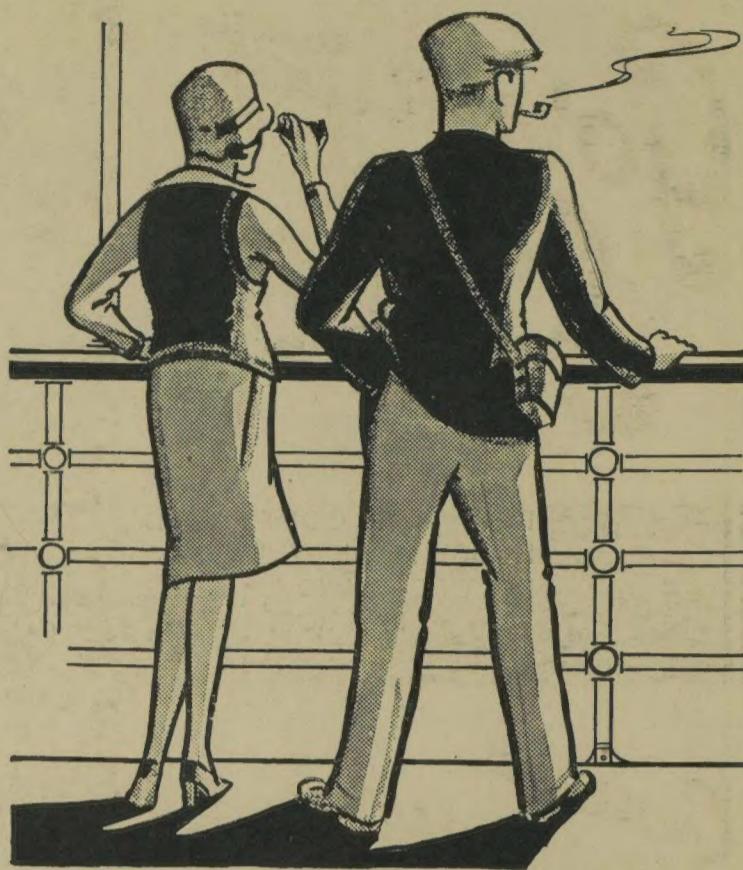
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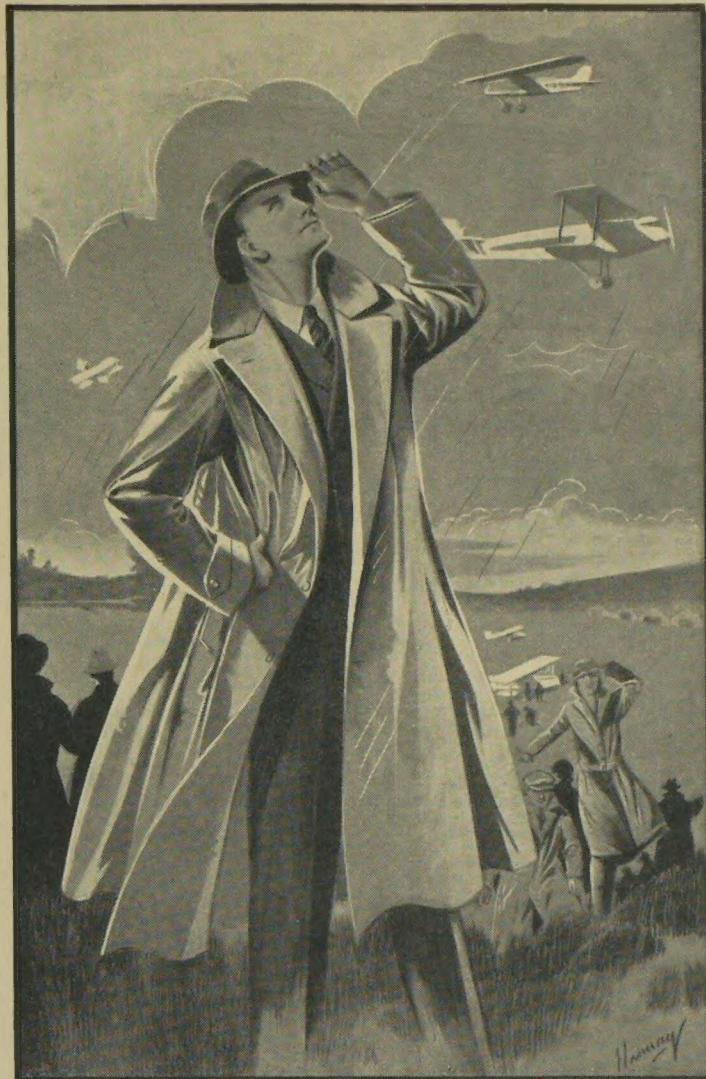
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1930.

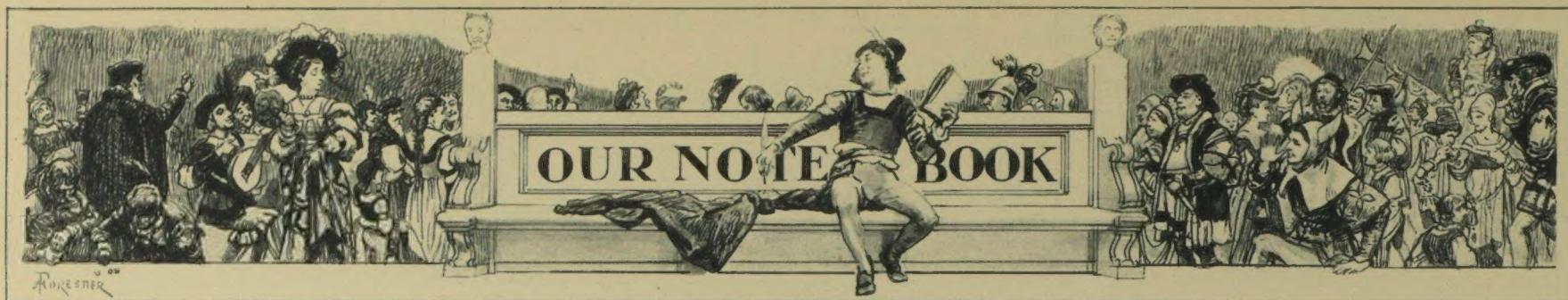
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THE "DERBY" OF THE TANKS: TWO MODERN MACHINES BEATING AN OLD WAR VETERAN NEAR THE POST.

A demonstration of the mechanisation of the British Army was given at Aldershot recently before delegates of the Fourth Imperial Press Conference. The thrill of the day was a race to demonstrate the advance made in speed of modern tanks. A course a mile in length had been marked out in the Long Valley, and out to the limit mark was sent an old "Mark V," a Great War veteran, which was given half-a-mile start. A 1919 medium "C" tank was placed on the 550-yard mark, this distance ahead of a standard medium tank in general use to-day. Some 57 seconds later the experimental heavy tank moved off, and 38 seconds later the latest light and medium tanks dashed off in pursuit. Then ensued a race the

like of which man has never beheld before. Far ahead the old war-timer's tracks were revolving as they had never been driven before, and, "all out," the other competitors thundered in chase. The veteran was only a furlong from the winning-post when, in a great blinding scurry of sand and dust, the latest "medium" tank roared up alongside, and, even as it rushed past the old "Mark V," one of the newest light tanks (seen in the foreground above) came speeding round from behind and, circling outside the other two, tore ahead, with churned-up dust and sand spurting out behind like the wash of a fast motor-boat. The roar of its machinery reached the spectators, as it rushed triumphantly past the winning post.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE current cant, which is a cant against cant, has produced a crop of modern proverbs or phrases, which everybody repeats for the hundredth time and nobody examines for the first time, or they would instantly be found to be false. A typical case is that which we have all heard again and again, in some such form as this : " In every age people have thought their own time prosaic and only the past poetical. If you think the mediæval or any other period picturesque, that is only the glamour of antiquity ; men in those days felt about them as you do about these days. Their costumes and customs were as dull and trivial to them as yours are to you." The maxim appeals in many ways to the modern mind ; it merges something with something else ; it levels downwards ; it contradicts the claims of chivalry and religious devotion ; it is comforting and it is entirely untrue.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, always the poet of this popular modernity, has summarised the notion admirably in a poem about Romance being at all times actually in the present and apparently in the past—a poem beginning, I think—

" Farewell, Romance,"
the cavemen cried,
" With bone and flint
he went away."

I need hardly say that there is not a grain of anything remotely resembling evidence that the cavemen ever cried anything of the sort. It is one of the thousand things which are said about them because there is no evidence either way ; but there are tons of evidence that the earliest men whose motives we can follow regarded their own rituals and traditions as reasonably dignified. There have been periods in which poets and satirists have said that society was degenerating through luxury or laxity, and many periods in which they were perfectly right in saying so. There have been some periods, not very many, in which men have been intensely interested in some special period of the past. So the men of the Renaissance vaguely regarded antiquity as a heroic age. But they did not regard their own as a prosaic age. Shakespeare might be thrilled by Plutarch's tales of great men in togas and tunics ; but that did not prevent him from conceiving Hamlet as an ordinary Elizabethan gentleman, fencing with rapier and dagger, wearing probably a ruff and almost certainly a beard. Every modern man, when he first heard of Hamlet in modern dress, felt a faint shiver of doubt ; even if he was sympathetic, he feared that it might be comic. But Shakespeare probably did conceive Hamlet in modern dress—in his modern dress ; and there is nothing to show that he thought it in the least comic.

The truth is that no other age except the nineteenth century (and perhaps our little bit of the twentieth) ever did regard its own dress and habits as ugly and undignified. The thing can be tested in a hundred ways, and one is even tolerably familiar. Sensational French artists, in the nineteenth century, deliberately and defiantly painted pictures from the Gospel in modern dress, with Christ standing among men in trousers and top-hats. It was purposely done to "shock" the Salon ; needless to say, it would have been far too shocking for the Royal Academy. Yet it was not the first time the thing had been done. It was only the first time it had been thought shocking.

There is not a single one of the previous epochs of Christian art, from the stiffest primitive Byzantine to the last realism of the Venetians or Dutch, when artists had not painted the Gospel scenes with the dress and habits of their own time. It is not, in plain fact, a question of why men think the present fashion ugly and the past fashion beautiful. It is a question of why they think this of trousers and top-hats when they did *not* think it of trunk-hose or togas or tunics. Many subtle explanations might be suggested ; but I incline myself to suspect that the dark secret can, after all, be stated more simply. Might I tentatively suggest that top-hats and trousers give us this uncanny impression of ugliness because they are ugly ? Might I suggest that the mercantile nineteenth century thought itself hideous because it was hideous ?—and the perception did credit to its acumen and even to its humility.

In short, there was a moment in the middle of the nineteenth century which was the midnight of artistic instinct, just as there was a moment about the middle of the ninth century which was the mid-

was when railways ruled the land. Steam may grow stale, but it does not grow specially poetical. If the old coach was faintly poetical, it was because a faint tradition of quite another sort lingered with the ancient echoes of the horse and of the horn. If the railway carriage does not turn into a romantic ruin before our eyes, it is because there lingers in it a nameless something of the nineteenth century : something that was proud of being prosaic and rigidly refuses to be anything else. It is the stamp of that particularly barbarous interlude : the *only* age in history when men dared not put the Twelve Apostles in modern dress.

This particular matter, in which the mediæval world differed from the modern, must be clearly understood to start with, for instance, as one of the conditions governing "The Canterbury Tales." The creative imagination of Chaucer could do much ; it could do much more than it is commonly credited with doing ; but it could hardly have bridged the abyss between the sublime and the ridiculous which yawned in the imagination of a man of the nineteenth century.

Chaucer did not regard his own age as comic and commonplace. He regarded some people in it as comic, and some, perhaps, as commonplace ; but the clothes and externals of these people could be used just as easily to express what was most imaginative and ideal. The Knight, as described, might have figured in any mediæval picture as kneeling all clad in iron on one side of an enthroned Virgin and Child ; his crusading spirit belongs altogether to that more remote region of delicate distances and golden clouds. But he is not out of the picture of "The Canterbury Tales," nor of any mediæval picture in which there might be grotesque dwarfs or gambolling dogs. But he would be out of the picture called "The Derby Day," by the late Mr. Frith. That picture contains considerable variety ; but it does not contain the Knight of "The Canterbury Tales." For "The Derby Day" was painted at that midnight moment of art when even the artist did not think that the world he saw was artistic. This unnatural sense of ugliness is so much our immediate

inheritance that there are ordinary words that have never recovered from it. The very word "hat" has a hazy air of farce about it ; mentioned by itself it suggests first the hat of Charlie Chaplin or the admirable song of "Where Did You Get That Hat ?" The first lesson in mediævalism is to understand that Chaucer did not feel about the word "hood" as we do about the word "hat." He knew there were knavish people who carried two faces under one hood ; but the one face might be that of Friar Francis as well as of Friar Tuck. A halo round a hood did not seem queer, like a halo round a hat, for those who think only of modern hats. There had been plenty of preposterous fashions among the rich in Chaucer's time, but their very limitations to the rich had left the landscape and colour-scheme of mediævalism more or less what it is in the simplest mediæval pictures. There was preposterous costume in that age, but he did not think all costume preposterous because it was of that age. He was as ready to be humorous in verse as any serious poet who ever lived, but his head was not filled with an endless, derisive echo of "Where Did You Get That Hood ?"

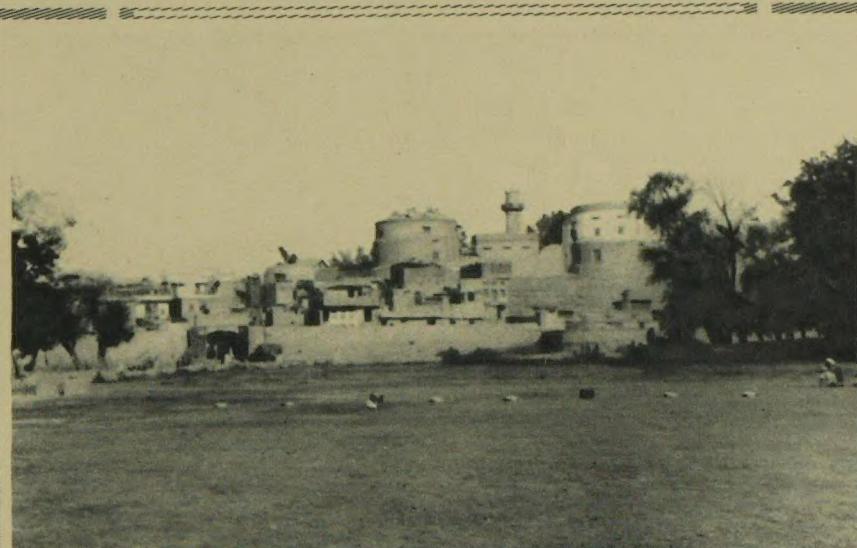


BUILT UNDER GOETHE'S SUPERVISION FOR THE ELDEST SON OF HIS FRIEND CHARLOTTE VON STEIN : THE NEWLY DISCOVERED LITTLE PRIVATE THEATRE IN THE PARK OF GROSS-KOCHBERG.

Recently, Dr. Ulbrich, the General Intendant of the German National Theatre at Weimar, discovered in the neighbouring park of Gross-Kochberg, the von Stein family seat, a private theatre dating from the eighteenth century, of which none was aware. Now, Charlotte von Stein, it will be recalled, was Goethe's great friend during his earlier years at Weimar (November 1775—September 1786), and inspired much of his work. Further, the Gross-Kochberg park was laid out under his supervision. It is clear, therefore, that the theatre just discovered was built under the direction of the poet for the use of Charlotte's eldest son, who acted in it, with the peasants of the estate. Charlotte von Stein was, of all Goethe's loves, intellectually the most worthy of him, and during the years of bitterness and estrangement which followed the poet's return to Weimar from Rome she wrote the amusing little drama, "Die Verschwörung gegen die Liebe"—a play about love, half-wistful and half-satirical. A performance of this was given under Dr. Ulbrich's direction for the reopening ceremony of the little theatre on June 9. Later a series of performances will be put on by the Weimar "Goethe-Gesellschaft."

night of law and organisation. It was blackest in a commercial country like England, which was only saved by treating itself as comic because it could not treat itself as dignified. It produced, for instance, the figure of the policeman, who was so comic that he had to be put at once into a pantomime, because he could not be put into a pageant. But almost any other age or country would have clad and armed the city guard so as to be an ornament to any pageant. Our age was ugly and undignified ; our nation was redeemed by the national sense of humour that at least would not pretend to be dignified. The things of that period are all stamped with the insignia of indignity. It is not true that this is affected by it being a past or a present period. Mr. Kipling himself, in the poem quoted, gave the case away by saying that "Romance brought up the nine-fifteen," implying that the clerks in the train did not yet realise their own romance. But since that was written steam has grown old compared to petrol, as stage-coaches grew old compared to steam. Yet taking a third-class ticket at Euston Station is not much more wildly poetic now than it

FIGHTING ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER: ACTIONS AGAINST MOHMADS AND AFRIDIS.



THE BASE OF OPERATIONS FOR THE ARTILLERY ACTION ON JUNE 3: SHABKADAR FORT, WHICH HAS OFTEN BEEN ATTACKED AT NIGHT BY THE TRIBESMEN UNDER THE HAJI OF TURANGZAI.

Writing from Shabkadar Fort, near Peshawar, on June 3, a "Times" correspondent said: "Artillery opened fire on Badshah Gul's position, from a battery in a nullah two miles from here, this morning. . . . Badshah Gul is the eldest son of the Haji of Turangzai. . . . Last night two motor-lorries attached to the Frontier Constabulary were returning empty. As they approached the outskirts of Shabkadar they were met with a fierce volley fired from behind the low mud walls which surround the village. The driver of the first car was badly hit and fell on to the roadway, while the car ran into a ditch. The raiders rushed at the wrecked car, set it alight, and threw the body of the driver into the flames. . . . Another party began sniping the fort itself from the fields outside the walls."

[Continued below.]



A VILLAGE CONTAINING HOSTILE AFRIDI TRIBESMEN UNDER ARTILLERY FIRE: SHELLS BURSTING AMONG THE BUILDINGS AND TREES SHOWN IN THE BACKGROUND.



A MOUNTAIN BATTERY OF THE INDIAN ARMY IN ACTION: AN INCIDENT OF THE FIGHTING AGAINST THE HAJI OF TURANGZAI AND HIS FORCES.



THE 15/19TH HUSSARS WAITING TO GO INTO ACTION: BRITISH CAVALRY THAT TOOK PART IN THE RECENT OPERATIONS AGAINST THE AFRIDIS.



BRINGING IN A BATCH OF PRISONERS: CAPTURED TRIBESMEN UNDER AN ESCORT OF INDIAN TROOPS DURING THE FIGHTING ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER.



ONE OF TWO FRONTIER CONSTABULARY MOTOR-LORRIES AMBUSHED BY MOHMAND TRIBESMEN NEAR SHABKADAR FORT: THE BURNT VEHICLE, WHOSE DRIVER WAS KILLED.

[Continued.]

A later message (of June 5) from Peshawar described a sudden threat to that town from the Afridis. "Late last night (we read) the R.A.F. was busy bombing their camp fires, while a strong column of cavalry, infantry, and guns, under Brigadier C. A. Milward, was holding the Bara road. The 1st Cavalry Brigade, which includes one British regiment, the 15/19th Hussars, has been brought across from Risalpur to reinforce the troops." The ensuing advance, which included village-to-village patrolling by cavalry, a howitzer bombardment, and R.A.F. activity, succeeded in breaking up the Afridi *lashkar* into isolated groups, and in preventing an incursion into Peshawar.

THE CASTLES OF THE UNBELIEVERS: THE MYSTERIOUS FORTS OF RAJAH BIL AND RAJAH TIL.

By Lieut.-General SIR GEORGE MacMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

DURING the last few years—since, indeed, Lord Curzon instituted a proper Archaeological Department of the Government of India—the systematic and instructed study of the great monuments of that country has been undertaken. Interest, however, has chiefly centred round the Buddhist remainders, the great city of Taxila and the Graeco-Buddhist culture on the frontier. Quite lately, still further interest has been aroused by the discoveries of a far older and probably pre-Aryan civilisation at Harappa and elsewhere, in Sind, that is not unakin to the Sumerian period.

But there is a more recent period that is full of romance and as yet has been little explored—that of the Hindu rule between the disappearance of all Greek connection and that next stupendous change, the coming of Islam and the savage incursions and invasions of Mahmud of Ghuzni with his Turks and Afghans, in the half-century that preceded the Norman Conquest in Western chronology. The Hindu kingdoms along the Indus that stretched up to Kabul and Kandahar, and went down before the fierce energy of the early followers of the Prophet, were kingdoms of importance and strength, and were great builders, as witness the beautiful temples in Kashmir and the Salt Range. But they went down in this fierce struggle after existing for over a thousand years, and left but few signs, a blank page, or almost a blank page, in the history of India, so far as it has yet been developed.

But those who know the frontier well and penetrate its less frequented spots have ken of strange fastnesses, known to the people, who shun them as the *Kafir Kots*, the "castles of the unbelievers," which date from Graeco-Bactrian days onwards. Under the great *massif* of the Throne of Solomon, the *Takht-i-Suleiman*—whence that monarch, flying westwards with a new wife from India on a prayer carpet, bade her take her farewell glance over her native land—there stands on the hill-top a ruin at the gorge of the Chuhar Khel Dhana that no tribesman will take you to. It stands inaccessible, and so full of devils and ghosts that none dare try to get there. High up above the caravan routes through the Khyber Pass they stand, too, those infidel castles that may have been the very reason why Alexander of Macedon funk'd that entrance to the Peshawar Valley, turned off up the Kunar Valley, and came into the plains *via* Swat. Here in this twentieth century they still frown down on rail and motor roads, and

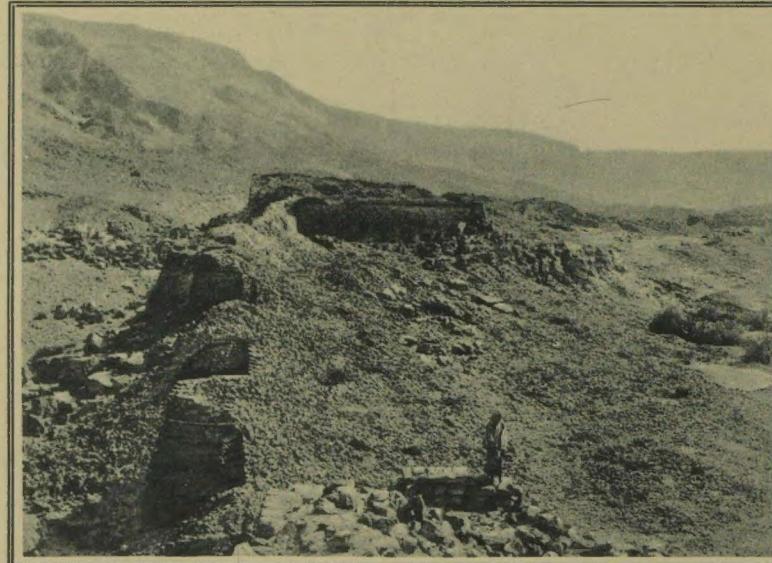
find the strongholds of those lords of the passes and passages who lived on the tolls in return for protecting the traders. At the Ferry are ancient temples of the time, but that is all. At Kalabagh itself, the hills are pure red salt, and the houses are built of the same, so that it is said

rose and portcullis of Merrie England. The fortress of Rajah Bil is now fairly accessible from Dera Ismael Khan.

But the fortress of Rajah Til is a very different matter. It covers an area as big as Mogul Agra, and its great black walls and bastions enclose the best part of a flat splay to which the spur gives way. The towers stand ten times as high as a man, and more, and the interior is full of castle halls and troops' casemates. Men-at-arms in large numbers must have dwelt herein, and the garrison probably closed the Tang-Darra on occasion and denied the Dhan-Kot Ferry to all and sundry in times of trouble. But there they stand in their vastness, dating, perhaps, from the days of Hadrian's Wall or a century later; and who really built them, and what dynasty held them, and how they lost their virginity and now lie desolate, no one knows, and the countryside does not even care to ask. It is to be supposed that Mahmud of Ghuzni wrought their final downfall and laid them waste as no longer needed to his scheme of empire, or as too likely to interfere with his come and go to Hindustan. So just the nursery names remain, and never a word as to who were Rajahs Bil and Til. Did I say never a word? . . . then I am wrong, for, on the bank below the valley-way of steps by which you climb to the fortress stands an old shrine of the Kashmiri type, and it is known to the folks round as the *Kanjari Kothi*, the "House of the

Dancing-Girl." She it was, the legend runs, who let in the invaders. Just a story of a lass who sold the garrison for a guerdon. And that is all there is to it, in this strange region of oblivion, where aged peasants untie the tails of their shirts to sell you coins of Alexander secured therein.

And how do you get to the *Kafir Kot* of Rajah Til? Well, you may ride a camel from Kalabagh if it suits you. I went up by boat from Dera Ismael Khan and scrambled on foot by the water's edge along the stony remains of what was once a road along the cliff-side. Sir Aurel Stein once paid a short visit—he of the Indian Archaeological Department who unburied cities in Hotan, and who has lately found the Rock of Aornos that Alexander stormed—but never had time to do more than wonder at the size of the *Kafir Kot* of Rajah Til and the beauty of the "House of the Dancing-Girl."

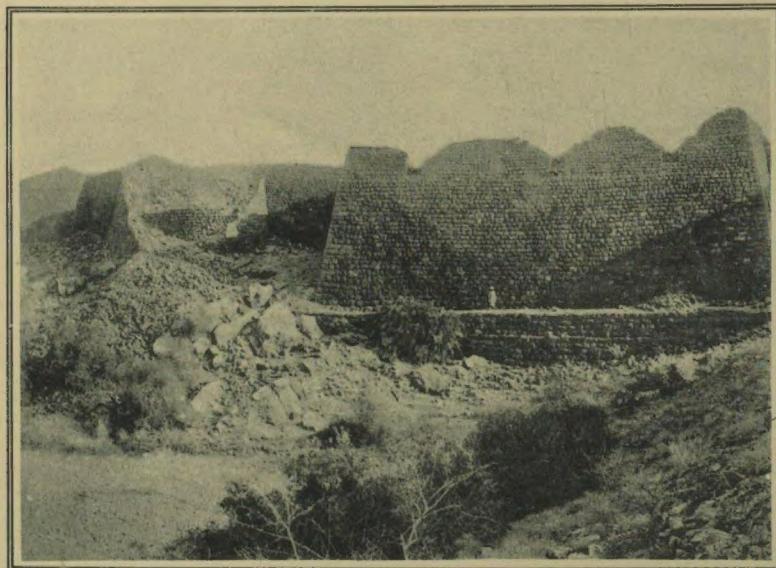


RUINS OF A CASTLE OF THE UNBELIEVERS WHICH COVERED AN AREA AS BIG AS MOGUL AGRA: WALLS OF THE *KAFIR KOT* OF RAJAH TIL.
"There they stand in their vastness, dating, perhaps, from the days of Hadrian's Wall, or a century later; and who really built them, and what dynasty held them, and how they lost their virginity and now lie desolate, no one knows, and the countryside does not even care to ask."

the ferrymen and the traders but lick the dining-room walls at their meals! But the castles, the great fortified cantonments, might be somewhere not far off. And though very few people know it, and very few local officers ever have time to explore them, yet there they are, as cunningly and as strategically placed as ever merchant and blackmail prince could devise. Two great castles stand, their bastions forty foot in the sheer of black ironstone, deserted, nameless, unknown, and none of the few cultivators near by so brave as dare sleep within their massive enceintes.

I have said that they have no name; but that is wrong. In the gossip of the countryside they are known as *Rajah Bil* and *Rajah Til ka Kafir Kot*—the "Castles of Rajah Bil and Rajah Til the Unbelievers." A few years ago, a Mr. Bil, of the Indian Civil Service, who was Deputy Commissioner at Bannu, was called by some wag who knew the ruins "*Rajah Bil*," and the name stuck. Alas! poor, gallant, forceful "*Rajah Bil*" came out to me in Mesopotamia, and was political officer at Mosul. He was murdered by Kurds when visiting some hill chiefs within his district on the Kurdish borders. However, that is another story; but the Tigris and the Indus are mighty rivers, and the ways of those who inhabit the hills that run to them are not very different.

The spur of the hills that is cut by the Kurram and the Tang-Rutta Koh, the "Red Hill": and red and glaring the hills are in the fierce summer, and rugged at all times. A few miles below the Kurram a spur of the range strikes the great river and what used to be the main channel of the navigable Indus, and then the range curves inland in crescent form away from the banks, coming back again some forty miles further down. The range thus encloses a sector of flat arable land, and the cord is the Indus. The hills of the crescent are not passable for this distance except for an odd mountaineer or so; so that you have a perfect area of safety for the peasant, his crops, and his cattle, so long as the two horns where they strike the Indus be held. This is exactly what the princes who have the nursery-rhyme names of Bil and Til in the memories of the peasantry did. They built two strong fortresses that protect all entry into the enclave, and from which, incidentally, they dominated and took due toll off all the great sailing-boats that wayfared on the Indus, or the mighty Sind, as it was then called. Rajah Bil was something of a churchman, for his stronghold, far the smaller of the two blocking the gangway by the downstream horn, is full of finely-carved temples of the type that we see at Martand, the Temple of the Sun in Kashmir, ornate, curiously enough, with something very like the

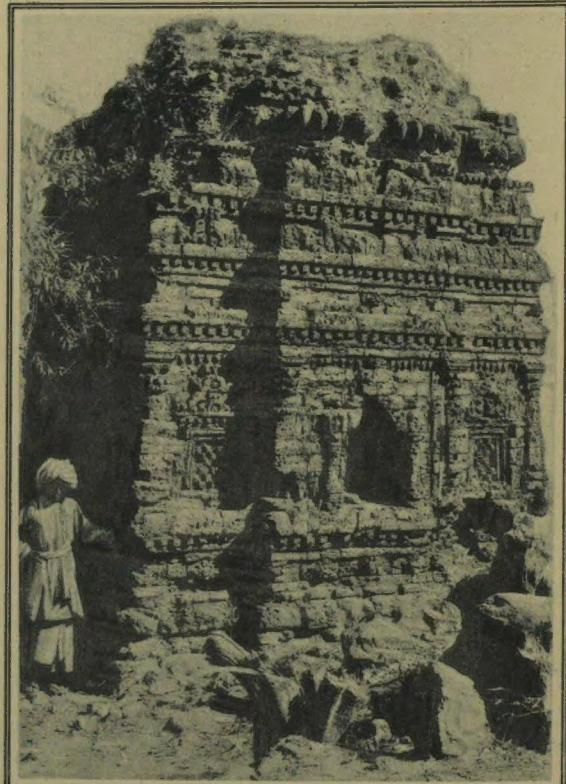


SAID TO HAVE BEEN SOLD TO THE ENEMY BY A DANCING-GIRL—"THE GARRISON FOR A GUERDON": THE FORTRESS OF RAJAH TIL—BASTIONS.
"The towers stand ten times as high as a man, and more, and the interior is full of castle halls and troops' casemates. Men-at-arms in large numbers must have dwelt herein."

the come-and-go of the trade route, the shaggy Bactrian camels alone touching a chord in their memory.

Between the well-known portions of the frontier at Peshawar and Quetta run many hundred miles of the curtain of the Suleiman Mountains, through which the *kafils* still wind their way, and which is principally known to that portion of the army that holds the frontier—the frontier of romance and fable—and the officers of the administration who deal with the frontier tribes. It is, in fact, a strip of land between the great Indus and the hills of the independent tribes. A large portion of it is known as the Derajat, "the country of the people who dwell in tents." The Kurram River runs into the Indus through Bannu, and strikes the plains not far from the age-old crossing of Dhan-Kot, now corresponded to by the Kalabagh Ferry, which is worked by steamers which took Maude to Baghdad. A long spur of hills runs on the right bank of the Indus, and is cut at Tang-Darra, the "Narrow Defile," by the Kurram. It has obviously been a district, and a conformation of extreme military and commercial activity and importance.

It is somewhere here, where the great routes from Ghuzni and distant Samarkand and the side tracks of the "Silk Road" entered India, that you might expect to



THE HOUSE OF THE DANCING-GIRL WHO ADMITTED INVADERS TO THE FORTRESS OF RAJAH TIL: THE *KANJARI KOTHI*—AN OLD SHRINE OF THE KASHMIRI TYPE.

"On the bank below the valley-way of steps by which you climb to the fortress stands . . . the *Kanjari Kothi*, the 'House of the Dancing-Girl.' She it was, the legend runs, who let in the invaders. Just a story of a lass who sold the garrison for a guerdon."

RABINDRANATH TAGORE—ARTIST: HIS “VERSIFICATION IN LINES.”

FROM DRAWINGS EXHIBITED RECENTLY AT THE CITY MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY, BIRMINGHAM.



Sir Rabindranath Tagore (he was knighted as far back as 1915) is most famous as a poet and as head of Visva-Bharati, which developed from the school he founded at Santiniketan, Bolpur, Bengal, when he was forty, and is an international institution to which he devotes his life; but he has also written novels, short stories, essays, sermons, and plays, and has written and set to music over three thousand songs. Certain of his works are in English. In the last year or two, he has added to his activities by turning artist. In a Foreword in connection with those of his drawings which were exhibited recently in the City Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham, he wrote: “An apology is due from me for my intrusion into the world of pictures and thus offering a perfect instance to the saying that those who do not know that they know not are apt to be rash where angels are timidly careful. I, as an artist, cannot claim any merit for my courage;

for it is the unconscious courage of the unsophisticated. . . . The only training which I had from my young days was the training in rhythm, the rhythm in thought, the rhythm in sound. I had come to know that rhythm gives reality to that which is desultory, which is insignificant in itself. And therefore, when the scratches in my manuscript cried, like sinners, for salvation, and assailed my eyes with the ugliness of their irrelevance, I often took more time in rescuing them into a merciful finality of rhythm than in carrying on what was my obvious task. . . . I came to discover one fact, that . . . there is a perpetual activity of natural selection in lines, and only the fittest survives. . . . My pictures are my versification in lines. If . . . entitled to claim recognition, it must be primarily for some rhythmic significance of form which is ultimate, and not for any interpretation of an idea or representation of a fact.”

"A GRACELESS DRIFT TOWARDS A DEAD END"?

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE DINOSAUR IN EAST AFRICA": By JOHN PARKINSON, M.A. Sc.D.*

(PUBLISHED BY WITHERBY.)

'EXEUNT the survivors of the dinosaurs,' says Dr. Parkinson, 'some 60,000,000 years ago.' It seems odd to us, contemplating these imposing figures, that relies which have waited so long should, in June 1930, become a subject of topical interest. Scarcely had Dr. Parkinson's book emerged from the press when the *Times* announced (June 5) that 'The British Museum Dinosaur Expedition under Mr. Migeod' (Dr. Parkinson's predecessor and

came into existence about so many millions of years ago are of no scientific value, and should be avoided as being liable to arouse distrust, often quite undeserved, in the general reliability of palaeontological research.' Dr. Parkinson, however, gives with some confidence his reasons for believing that the dinosaurs flourished sixty million years ago.

The successive movements of the earth's surface which led to the localising of the dinosaurs in the Tendaguru bed are not very easy for the layman to grasp. 'The land, at least as regards the coastal belt, was not entirely stable. In fact, Tendaguru oscillated, while maintaining its horizontality, in vertical movements like those of a lift, a few hundreds of feet in minor elevations, alternating in similar slow immersions. The latter brought the edge of the continent further inland, allowed of an incoming of the sea; the former raised the rim, allowing, if the movement were carried on, rain and rivers again to begin the work of erosion and disintegration on ground but now submerged. . . . The three Saurian beds' lie 'one above the other, much as might thick pancakes rest flatly on an enormous dish.'

'The dinosaurs,' we are told, 'are not a natural order, but a composite group, including two distinct and rather differently related orders.' Anatomically this distinction is best observed in the structure of the pelvis, which resembles in one division that of reptiles (Saurischia) and in the other (Ornithischia) that of birds. This anatomical difference is so fundamental that it is difficult to imagine a common ancestor to both types. But there were other differences of form and habit hardly less striking. Megalosaurus and Tyrannosaurus were two-legged, carnivorous, 'the most terrifying things that ever strode the earth.'

A reconstruction of Tyrannosaurus by Mr. Charles Knight, reproduced on the frontispiece, amply demonstrates this. The Compsognathus from Bavaria was about the size of a cat; but the Diplodocus, Brontosaurus, and Gigantosaurus, which were herbivorous and four-footed, varied in length from seventy to a hundred feet. Some of the dinosaurs (e.g., Kentrosaurus) were armoured with a palisade of spines down their backs; 'the biggest of these spines were near the root of the tail, whence they diminished in length in either direction,' leaving the head, strangely enough, unprotected. 'Stupidity and slowness,' says Dr. Parkinson, 'seem to be stamped on every bone of the beast,' and he draws a vivid imaginary picture of their progress. 'It must have been an amazing sight, that slow-moving drove of reptiles, treading tortoise-like to their destination, their backs decorated with huge, preposterous spines, their vacant heads swaying from side to side.'

The dinosaurs, it seems, had their habitat close to the sea-shore, 'drowsily reposing or ponderously wading in the wide expanses of hot shallow water, the lagoons which stretch unsuspected behind the sandbanks.' They were so unwieldy and slow-moving that a sudden flood would take them unawares, drown them, and carry their decomposing bodies far afield, to be gradually dismembered.

The physical aspect of the world in the Cretaceous epoch was, of course, very different from what it is to-day. There were no large trees, only low dwarf conifers; there were ferns and cycads, but there was no grass; much of the earth's surface was 'a sandy waste, broken by the periodic rush of flooded rivers.' It teemed with reptile life. But the dinosaurs were an evolutionary makeshift; they were ill-adapted even to the conditions in which they lived. They must have spent half their time in the water, yet none of them (with the possible exception of Iguanodon) had limbs modified for swimming. Diplodocus had nostrils situated on the top of its skull, rather like those of a dolphin, 'and it is from this peculiarity that the inference is drawn that it waded with the body submerged, the head now and again appearing at the surface for respiration and sight in the intervals of dipping below the surface to browse.'



A TERROR OF ITS TIME: TYRANOSAURUS—
WITH TRICERATOPS (RIGHT).

A Restoration by Charles R. Knight, under the Direction of Henry Fairfield Osborn. Copyrighted by the American Museum of Natural History. Reproduced from "The Dinosaur in East Africa," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. H. F. and G. Witherby.

successor as leader of the Expedition), 'after a fortnight's exploration at Tendaguru, has discovered what is probably the finest dinosaur skeleton yet brought to light. . . . Over 25 ft. of skeleton . . . have been exposed, and is in good preservation. . . . The skeleton is estimated to be 60 ft. long, and is believed to be possibly that of a dicroidosaurus; it lies in a bed of mixed and grey clays.'

Explorations at Tendaguru were begun in 1909 under the direction of Dr. W. Janensch, Keeper of the Berlin Geological Museum. The expedition went on working until 1912, and shipped to Germany over 200 tons of bones. Labour was plentiful and cheap; nearly five hundred men were employed, but the total wages bill did not exceed £50 a week.

In 1924 a British expedition, under the leadership of Mr. Cutler, of Manitoba University, undertook to continue the work abandoned by the German geologists. Mr. Cutler died in 1925, and was succeeded by Mr. Migeod, an African traveller of many years' experience, who was in his turn succeeded, in 1927, by the author of 'The Dinosaur in East Africa.'

Dr. Parkinson, the most modest of men, declares that a complete account of the story of the dinosaurs should be the business of a specialist. It is possible that others have more knowledge than he, but to the amateur he seems omniscient; and the general reader with a taste for technicalities will be able to indulge it to the full. Trying to account for the disappearance of the dinosaurs, Dr. Parkinson says that the change that took place in the vegetation of the world at the close of the Cretaceous Period may have had something to do with it: 'so delicate a mechanism would be readily upset by the change from a gymnospermous to an angiospermous diet.'

Tendaguru Hill and village are in Tanganyika Territory, seventy miles from Lindi. Lindi is approached by steamer; the remainder of the journey is performed partly by motor-lorry, partly on foot. The amenities of civilisation in the neighbourhood of Tendaguru are few. The bones themselves, after being elaborately prepared and cased in plaster, are conveyed to the coast by bearers. 'Of all methods of getting things from one place to another,' says Dr. Parkinson, 'putting them on a man's head or back is the most primitive and assuredly the safest.' The native workers were, as a rule, both intelligent and industrious. The bones are found at varying depths. Sometimes they lie on the surface; sometimes they lie sixty feet down in the beds of sand and clay. Great care is needed to extract them, especially if they are cracked or broken. Some have to be 'uncovered rather in the same sort of way that one would dissect out a nerve out of a dog-fish or a rabbit.'

The question how long ago the dinosaurs flourished in Africa makes a fascinating problem, easier to ask than to answer. 'If the reply comes, "Oh, they were principally Neocomian, some of them perhaps a little earlier," the seeker after truth,' Dr. Parkinson observes, 'is apt to be discouraged. The number of years would be considered much more satisfactory.' But scientists have warned us to be 'careful in translating palaeontological discoveries into terms of time. . . . Statements that such-and-such a type of creature



IN A BONE PIT OF TENDAGURU: PELVIC REGION OF A SAUROPOD: SHOWING (LEFT) DEPOSITION OF LIME ON THE BONES.

'A not uncommon difficulty at Tendaguru is the accumulation of lime around the bones and in the rock itself, not only making excavations very laborious, but occasionally impossible for hand labour. Such bones are completely spoilt, and in those cases that part of the pit was abandoned.'

Reproduced from "The Dinosaur in East Africa," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. H. F. and G. Witherby.

But, none the less, the reptiles could not cope with sudden floods, and many met their deaths from drowning. 'These somewhat futile beasts,' says Dr. Parkinson, 'suffered from a sad lack of intelligence.' The estimated weight of the brain of Stegosaurus (an American reptile) is $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces. Its bodily weight was from seven to ten tons. That of the elephant is at the most three-quarters of a ton, but its brain weighs eight pounds.

'Far from Evolution being necessarily a strenuous upward progress to more life and yet more life, it might become, it could and did evidently in this case become, a graceless drift towards a dead end.' This is Mr. H. G. Wells's epitaph on the dinosaurs. Many theories have been advanced, none of them, taken singly, quite convincing, to account for their rather sudden extinction. Many were drowned, it is clear; many more were starved to death. There was a change in the climate of Africa which may have been a contributory cause; but this change of climate was not universal, and does not explain why the dinosaurs died out simultaneously in America and Asia. Nor can the change in vegetation be held responsible, unless we assume that the carnivorous dinosaurs preyed exclusively on the herbivorous; for the whole race, carnivorous, herbivorous, two-footed, four-footed, died out at the same time. Dr. Parkinson thinks that they may have suffered severely from the attacks of ticks, flies, and intestinal worms; but of the existence of internal parasites we have, of course, no proof.

Professor Lull will not have it that the history of the dinosaurs is, even from an evolutionary standpoint, inglorious. 'Their career was not a brief one,' he says, 'for the duration of their recorded evolution was twice that of the entire mammalian age. They do not represent a futile attempt on the part of Nature to people the world with creatures of insignificant moment, but are comparable in majestic rise, slow culmination, and dramatic fall to the greatest nations of antiquity.'

Our knowledge of the dinosaurs is in its infancy. But with further investigation and exploration 'we shall be able to trace,' affirms Dr. Parkinson, 'the rise of one species from another, the development of specialised two-fingered hands and toothless jaws; to note the oncoming of the degenerate senility which hampered the great beasts with spines and plates, until the change of the world's life forced extinction upon the whole.' Pending these discoveries, the reader cannot wish for a better study of the subject than Dr. Parkinson's book. It is erudite, informative, illuminating, and, when circumstances permit, lively and entertaining.

L. P. H.



A RELIC OF A DINOSAUR OF A MUCH EARLIER AGE THAN THOSE OF TENDAGURU: FOOTPRINTS OF A DINOSAUR ON A STRONGLY RIPPLE-MARKED SANDY SURFACE; AND THE IMPRESSIONS LEFT BY THE TAIL.

'Ripple-marked sandstones, "the ribbed sea sand" of our shores, are very rare at Tendaguru, and this may account for the absence of footmarks. Clearly, tidal flats were not a characteristic of the scenery. The three-toed footprints of Iguanodon were one of the earliest indications of dinosaurs in Southern England, and in the Eastern States of America over one hundred varieties of footprints have been found, but in sandstones of much earlier age.'

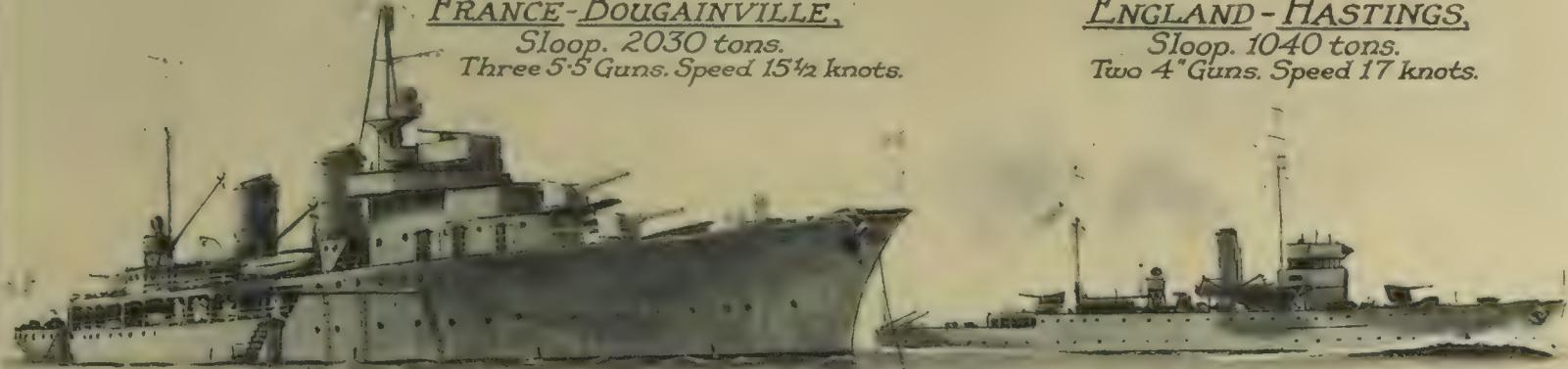
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"FREAKS" OF FOUR NAVIES: WAR-SHIPS OUTSIDE "TREATY LIMITS."

DRAWN AND DESCRIBED BY DR. OSCAR PARKES, O.B.E., JOINT-EDITOR OF JANE'S "FIGHTING SHIPS." (COPYRIGHTED.)

FRANCE - BOUGAINVILLE
Sloop. 2030 tons.
Three 5.5 Guns. Speed 15½ knots.

ENGLAND - HASTINGS
Sloop. 1040 tons.
Two 4" Guns. Speed 17 knots.



Special erection
for handling
very large mines.

ITALY - FASANA
Minelayer. 610 tons.
200 Mines.
Speed 10 knots.

FRANCE - PLUTON
Minelayer. 5300 tons
250 Mines. Speed 30 knots.
Chutes at stern for Mine dropping



Two catapults on
each side amidships.

FRANCE - COMMANDANT TESTE
Aircraft-Carrier. 10,000 tons.
26 Planes. Speed 20 knots.



JAPAN - SHIRATAKA
Anti-Submarine Net-Layer.
1345 tons. Speed 16 knots.

JAPAN - No. 6. Minesweeper.
Two 4.7" Guns. Speed 20 knots.



Nets & Sinkers are stowed along each side and dropped
from the slips at the stern.

Paravanes for sweeping
at full speed.

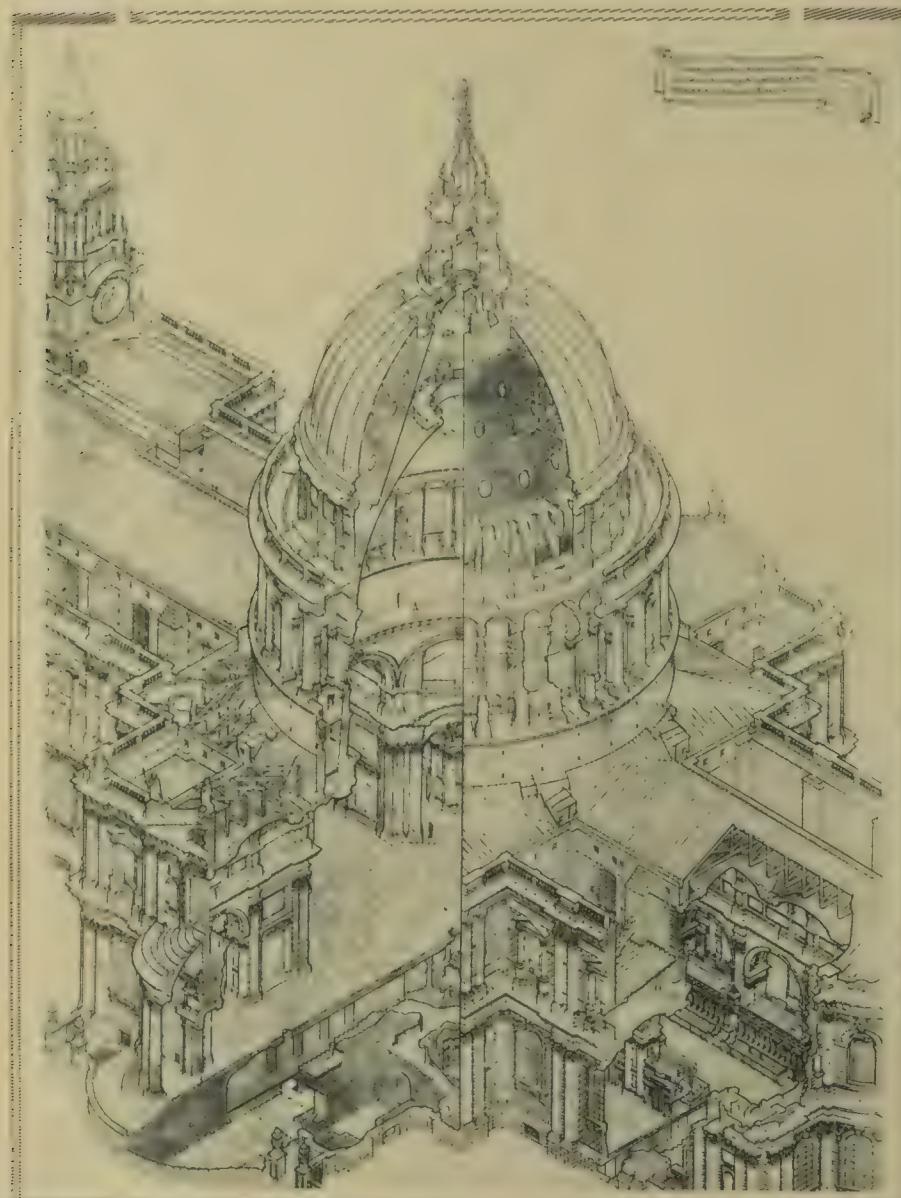
UNAFFECTED BY THE NAVAL TREATY: BRITISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN, AND JAPANESE WAR-SHIPS OF NOVEL TYPE.

"Apart from the battle-ships, cruisers, aircraft-carriers, destroyers, and submarines dealt with by the Naval Conference," writes Dr. Oscar Parkes, "the fleets of the Powers include interesting types of war-ships whose construction has not been curtailed. France is building some small cruisers known as 'sloops,' for Colonial service, which displace 2030 tons—a matter of thirty tons excess over the prescribed limit—which would bring them into the category of cruisers should she sign the Five-Power Treaty. For the British Navy smaller ships of a similar type are under construction which do not enter the Treaty categories. The French mine-layer 'Pluton,' with her curious stern fitted with chutes over which mines can be dropped, is another intermediate type which will probably evade the cruiser category, while the Italian 'Fasana'

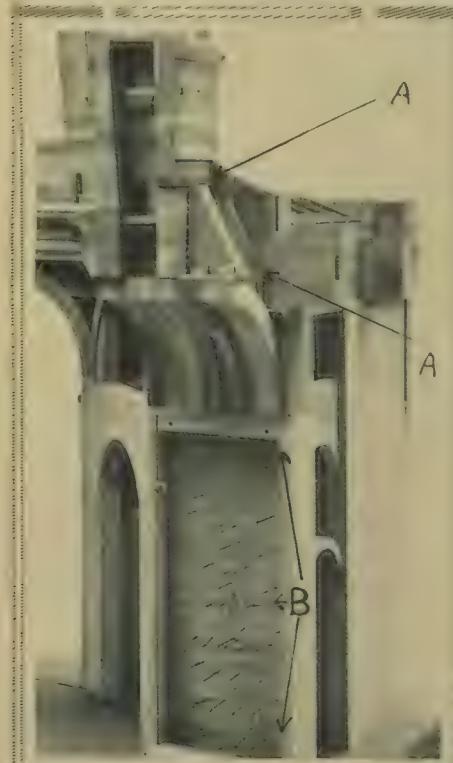
class are well below the tonnage limit. These latter were fitted with a weird structure aft to facilitate handling especially large mines. The French aircraft-carrier 'Commandant Teste' has been built to evade the Washington limits, and comes into the special list of vessels allowed to each Navy. She has four catapults for discharging aircraft, but machines cannot land on her deck, and have to be fished from the water by derricks. Japan is specialising in subsidiary small craft, and has completed an experimental ship, the 'Shirataka,' designed for net-laying, and a class of six destroyer-like vessels for high-speed mine-sweeping. The stern of 'Shirataka' has an enormous overhang to keep the nets from fouling her propellers, and the counter has two slips to let the nets and sinkers run cleanly overboard. The mine-sweepers carry large paravanes."

ST. PAUL'S "SOUND FOR CENTURIES": PRESERVATION PROBLEMS SOLVED.

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1. ST. PAUL'S FROM FOUNDATION TO SUMMIT: A GREAT ISOMETRIC SCALE DRAWING, COMBINING PLAN, SECTION, AND ELEVATION, BY R. B. BROOK-GREAVES, ASSISTED BY W. GODFREY ALLEN, SHOWING EVERY DETAIL OF CONSTRUCTION.



4. A MODEL OF ONE OF THE PIERS: A SECTION SHOWING PARTS OF THE CHAIN (AA) AND (IN THE OBLONG BELOW) THE METHOD OF EMBEDDING IN CONCRETE REINFORCING STEEL RODS (BB).



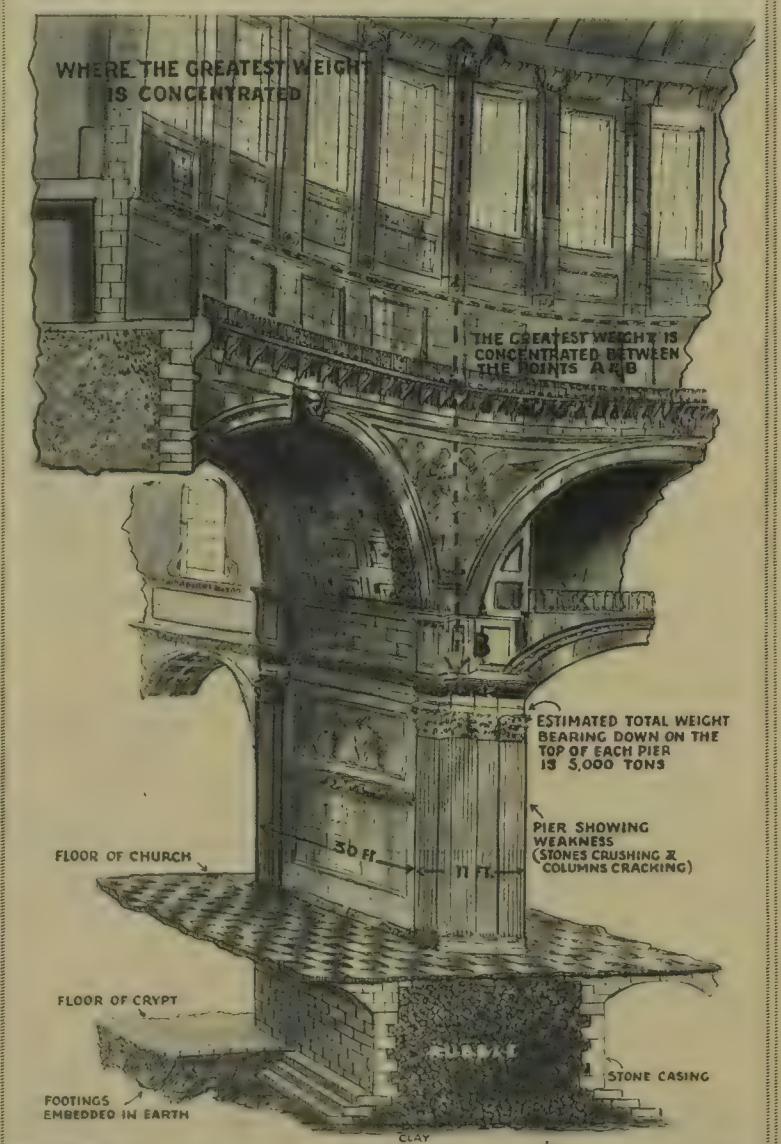
5. METHODS OF BORING BEFORE INSERTING RODS IN THE DRUM WALLS: A MODEL SHOWING A MAN OPERATING A DRILL TO FIX A TIE-ROD OBLIQUELY THROUGH MASONRY.



2. SHOWING PART OF THE GREAT STAINLESS STEEL CHAIN ENCIRCLING THE DRUM: THE CHAIN IN POSITION OVER THE ROOF DOORWAY, BEFORE CONCRETING.



3. EACH MORE THAN TWICE THE HEIGHT OF A MAN: LINKS IN THE HUGE CHAIN OF STAINLESS STEEL WITH WHICH THE DRUM HAS BEEN ENCIRCLED.



6. THE FORMER DANGER (NOW REMOVED) OF THE DOME COLLAPSING: ONE OF THE EIGHT PIERS (WHEREON ITS VAST WEIGHT RESTS) FOUND TO CONSIST OF RUBBLE WITHIN A THIN STONE CASING, AND SINCE STRENGTHENED BY GROUTING AND REINFORCEMENT.

St. Paul's Cathedral, whose reopening (as noted opposite) was fixed for June 25, has been described by Canon Alexander, Treasurer of the Cathedral, as having been made "sound for centuries to come" by the recently completed works of preservation begun in 1925, as a result of previous surveys. An exhibition of models, drawings, photographs and specimens showing the problems that had to be solved, and the means adopted for solving them, was opened recently at the Royal Institute of British Architects at 9, Conduit Street. The models we illustrate were made by men actually engaged on the work. The original of the isometric drawing measures 12 ft. by 8 ft., and took over four years to complete. St. Paul's really has three domes—the visible external one; the inner one; and an inter-

mediate conical dome of brick which actually bears the weight of the lantern, ball and cross. All three domes spring from the circular drum (above the Whispering Gallery) which rests on the eight piers arranged in pairs. Wren himself encircled the conical dome with an iron chain, but iron corrodes and breaks, and tends to split up masonry. For the new preservation work stainless steel has been used throughout, and a great chain of this metal now encircles the drum. The piers have been solidified by "grouting"—the injection of cement into all interstices—and reinforcement with steel bars, so that the rubble filling has been completely consolidated. The whole "complex" of the Dome and its supports has thus become rigid, and the risk of collapse has been prevented.

THE REOPENING OF ST. PAUL'S: A SCENE OF NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.



WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN ARRANGED TO ATTEND THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE FOR THE PRESERVATION OF ST. PAUL'S :
THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL UNDER THE DOME, LOOKING TOWARDS THE HIGH ALTAR.

The King and Queen arranged to attend the Thanksgiving Service for the preservation of St. Paul's on June 25, the date fixed for the reopening of the Cathedral on completion of the great work of repair and strengthening of the piers that support the Dome. The order of ceremonial stated that, after the presentation of the City Sword by the Lord Mayor to the King at Temple Bar, the City boundary, their Majesties would be received at the west door of St. Paul's by the Bishop of London and the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral. A procession would then be formed, and their Majesties would be conducted to the royal seats

under the Dome, where the Lord Mayor would lay the City Sword on a table before the King. The Lord Mayor would then be conducted to his stall in the Choir. On the conclusion of the Thanksgiving Service the Lord Mayor would proceed to the table, take up the Sword, and, carrying it as before, lead the procession as their Majesties returned to their carriage at the west door, attended, as on arrival, by the Bishop of London and the Dean and Chapter. Seats under the Dome, for the service, were allotted to members of the Court of Common Council. On the opposite page we illustrate the work of preservation.

BALKAN ARCHAEOLOGY UNDER DIFFICULTIES:

REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES AT STOBI, ONCE CAPITAL OF A ROMAN PROVINCE: EXCAVATIONS THAT ARE RE-BURIED BETWEEN SEASONS, FOR LACK OF FUNDS TO PROVIDE ADEQUATE PROTECTION.

By ALEC BROWN, a Member of the Belgrade Museum Expedition under Professor Petkovitch.
(See Illustrations on the Opposite Page.)

IN the past three years, utilising the truly meagre vote of 60,000 dinars (about £220) annually granted to the National Museum at Belgrade for the purpose, Professor Petkovitch, Director of the Museum, assisted by the energetic Latin master of the Prizren High School, M. Milakovitch, has been working on the excavation of the old capital of Macedonia Secunda—Stobi, "urbs antiqua," as Livy called it. Although a few weeks' work, during three successive springs, can make very little impression on the untouched buried remains of a large town, abandoned apparently during the sixth century A.D., the results achieved are already worthy of record.

Stobi lies at the junction of the River Vardar (the Axios of old) and its tributary, now the Crna Reka, about two and a-half miles from the minute town of Gradska, on the main line from Belgrade to Salonika and Athens. If the traveller from Salonika looks out of the left-hand window of his compartment immediately after the train has crawled over a bridge (over the Crna Reka), where the country opens out before Gradska, he will see one edge of the buried town like a shelving cliff by the side of the railway line. A moment later, at a level crossing, he will see a neat sign-post, erected by the meticulous Serbian authorities, with an arrow and white lettering on a black ground, "Stobi," and beyond this a rough road passing up the steep slope. The point at which this track into the deserted area of Stobi crosses the crest is known to this day by the Macedonian natives as the "porta." It is the site of one of the gates of the town.

In the course of the three seasons' work three buildings have been dealt with. The first is the theatre, about one-third of the tiers of seats of which have been laid bare (Fig. 2). Although subsidence has ruined a portion (though not irreparably) the tiers are, on the whole, in an excellent state of preservation. If funds are ever forthcoming for its complete excavation and for proper protective underpinning, it will unquestionably be one of the finest Greek theatres in existence. There are traces of later adaptation, by means of a protective wall, between audience and the stage area, for gladiatorial shows. A large number of seats have inscribed on them the names of their owners. Although these are all in Greek lettering, many of the names are Roman.

The second building to be unearthed is a large basilica, which by itself hints at the size of the town. It must have been capable of holding 1500 worshippers. All that is left of it is the mosaic floor, fragments of walls, pillars, capitals, and other stone work. Most strikingly beautiful are the capitals with a design of peacocks, pineapples (?), and leaves, carved in a manner almost more reminiscent of wood than of stone (Fig. 3). The work is astonishingly graceful, and in the design the Eastern origins of Christianity and Byzantium can clearly be seen. Part of the mosaic depicts animals—a dog, ducks, and so on (Fig. 10). There is a lovely freshness in this too, and one is inclined to ascribe the basilica to the fourth century A.D.

The third building, work on which was begun last year, and left still uncompleted in this, appears to have been the residence of a person of importance. It seems not unlikely that it was the residence of the governor (Fig. 9). There is a large court, with

mosaic floor, at one end of which is a large rectangular cemented pool, backed by columns and a row of statuary in niches in the wall behind. The court is bordered on the other three sides by a walk, with a mosaic floor, separated from the court by a row of columns, and, on the two long sides, by a strip which may well have been used for a garden. At the upper end of the court three ceremonial rooms open out (Fig. 9, right foreground), at a slightly higher level, divided from the cloistered walk and courtyard by arches, approached by tiled steps and provided with floors of mosaic and tiles (Fig. 1). The patterning of these mosaics shows that this part of the building was erected, or remodelled, in early Byzantine times. In one of these rooms were found a number of coins of Justinian.

In the other direction, beyond the court, is a complex of smaller rooms, corridors, and offices, which continue round on the west side of the court, and open at the head of the building into a large semi-circular hall. It was at this point that the work this year, owing to exhaustion of funds, had to be interrupted. It appears probable, from the nature of the brickwork and rubble that was removed, and from the thickness of some of the walls, that a large part of the building bore an upper storey; but it is also not unlikely that part of the rubble comes from the ruins, after the fall of Stobi, being occupied or even partly rebuilt on. The paper work of solving this problem (if it ever can be solved) is in the hands of Professor Petkovitch's other assistant, the young Serbian architect M. Bogdan Nestorovitch. On the last day, as the work was being concluded, a macadam street, some three yards wide, was disclosed, running by one of the outside walls;

and enigmatic, because it stands nearly two yards above the level of the main floor of the building. It remains to be seen whether this street is of later construction, and shows that Stobi was re-inhabited after its fall and destruction, or whether the palace was partly sunk, as a protection against the severe extremes of heat and cold to which the Stobi

well as civil disorder, never recovered again. In any case, however, it does not seem ever again to have been a place of any importance, although the Roman bridge over the Crna Reka, exactly opposite the governor's palace, on a disused road to Salonika, apparently continued in use till the late eighteenth century, when heavy rains carried it away. This year was not productive of any striking finds, but last year, among numerous other pieces of statuary (e.g., Fig. 7), produced two really beautiful bronze satyrs (Figs. 6 and 8) in an almost perfect state of preservation, and a Hellenistic frieze which has enormous charm. These objects have been brought (with others) to Belgrade, and can be seen in the Belgrade National Museum. The most interesting of them, to the historian of art, is the satyr shielding his eyes from the sun (Fig. 6). It is recorded that, in his struggle for supremacy against the popular Apelles, the Alexandrian artist Antiphilas painted a picture of a satyr in this position. No example of such a satyr had been known till this delightful piece, scarcely affected by nearly two thousand years under the soil, came to light.

The most disappointing feature of the excavation is the extreme poverty of the Belgrade Museum, which has only the niggardly purse of the Yugoslav Government to rely on for funds, as this makes it impossible for Professor Petkovitch to have the sites under excavation walled off, and necessitates, as protection against the busy fingers of both trophy and treasure hunters, using part of the funds to re-bury, at the end of each season, what has been uncovered in the course of it. The site, which is of great importance, is thus merely scratched each year; and it is not even possible to dump the dug-out earth outside the area of the city, let alone that of the suburbs. The work is thus tripled.

There is no doubt that, if work on Stobi could be carried out on a large scale, many of the existing problems of Macedonian origins would be largely solved. That the district was once densely populated there can be little doubt. On the opposite bank of the Vardar traces of houses have been observed. A little over two miles up the Crna Reka, on the opposite bank, stands a village, now elevated on a high mound, and the name of the village, Palikoura, speaks for itself. On the same bank of the river as Stobi, opposite Palikoura, the Austrians, during the war, excavated a basilica which would have held some 600 to 800 worshippers. About a mile and a-half further upstream is the village of Rosomani. Here, too, remains have been noted, but most impressive of all is the view from Rosomani. Opposite the village, away from the



FIG. 1. WITH MOSAIC PAVEMENT OF EARLY BYZANTINE PATTERN: ONE OF THE THREE CEREMONIAL ROOMS (SEE RIGHT FOREGROUND OF FIG. 9, OPPOSITE PAGE) OPENING OFF A CLOISTER ROUND THE MAIN COURT OF THE ROMAN "GOVERNOR'S PALACE" AT STOBI, AND APPROACHED BY TILED STEPS.



FIG. 2. LIKELY TO PROVE ONE OF THE FINEST GREEK THEATRES EVER DISCOVERED: THE EXCAVATED PORTION (ABOUT ONE-THIRD) OF THE THEATRE AT STOBI.

Bordering the lower course of seats can be seen the remains of a wall of much rougher construction. This is apparently part of a wall built at a later date, when the theatre was adapted for gladiatorial shows.

district is open in summer and winter. There is evidence that Stobi was destroyed by earthquake and fire in the sixth century, and that the town, owing to the troublous times of the barbarian invasions, which caused economic stress as

river, the mounds of a town clearly show on the other side of the Gradska-Prilep road, about a mile and a-half away; and the eye can distinguish, between there and Stobi, traces of habitation all the way.

ART RELICS OF ROMAN MACEDONIA: A PROVINCIAL CAPITAL UNEARTHED.

(SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



FIG. 3. SHOWING NEAR EASTERN INFLUENCE IN BYZANTINE ART: AN EXQUISITELY CARVED CAPITAL FROM THE BASILICA AT STOBI, WITH FIGURES OF PEACOCKS.



FIG. 4. FROM THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE AT STOBI, FORMERLY CHIEF TOWN OF THE ROMAN PROVINCE OF MACEDONIA SECUNDA: A TYPICAL CAPITAL.



FIG. 5. A CAPITAL FROM THE BASILICA EXCAVATED AT STOBI: ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF BEAUTIFUL CARVING, IN A SPIRAL LEAF DESIGN.



FIG. 6. THE FIRST FOUND IN THE RECORDED ATTITUDE OF A PAINTING BY ANTIKPHILAS, RIVAL OF APPELLES: A BRONZE SATYR SHIELDING HIS EYES FROM THE SUN, FROM THE PALACE AT STOBI.



FIG. 7. A MOST UNUSUAL "VENUS," WITH DRAPERY SUPPORTING THE BODY, WHOSE CENTRE OF GRAVITY IS BEHIND THE FEET: A "FIND" AT STOBI.



FIG. 8. BEFORE CLEANING REVEALED AN ALMOST PERFECT STATE OF PRESERVATION AFTER NEARLY 2000 YEARS: THE OTHER "SATYR". FROM THE PALACE.



FIG. 9. THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE AT STOBI: EXCAVATIONS, SHOWING (LEFT BACKGROUND) A WATER-POOL WITH STATUE NICHES, WHENCE CAME THE BRONZE SATYRS (6 AND 8), AND (CENTRE FOREGROUND) PART OF ROOM SHOWN IN 10.



FIG. 10. PART OF THE MOSAIC FLOOR IN THE LARGE BASILICA (PROBABLY FOURTH CENTURY A.D.) EXCAVATED AT STOBI: AN ELABORATE DESIGN WITH FIGURES OF A DOG AND A DUCK AND OTHER ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

The excavations at Stobi, described in the article opposite, although hampered by lack of funds, have already produced many beautiful examples of ancient art, some of which are here illustrated. In ancient times (according to Smith's "Classical Dictionary") Stobi was "the most important place in the district of Paeonia. It was made a Roman colony and a municipium, and under the later emperors was the capital of the province Macedonia II., or Salutaris." A note on Fig. 6 says: "It is apparently the first statue found which shows a satyr shielding his eyes from the sun, as painted by the Alexandrian artist, Antiphilas. That he did paint a satyr in this attitude we know from the history of his feud

with Apelles, and it is interesting that the first discovery of a representation of this figure should be made in the northerly capital of Macedonia Secunda." On the left in Fig. 9 is a water-pool, with niches for statuary behind it. "It was here (we read) that the two bronze satyrs were found. Behind this pool are numerous small rooms, corridors, and offices, just out of the picture. The room on which work was proceeding when the photograph was taken proved to be a large hall, semi-circular on one side. Beyond this are apparently other apartments." The photographs in Figs. 3, 4, and 5 were originally taken with the capitals resting inverted on the ground. We have placed them the right way up.

"A COLOSSUS OF THOUGHT" IN DOMESTIC LIFE:

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN AS HUSBAND, FATHER, MUSICIAN, AND HUMOURIST: A QUIET BERLIN HOME INVADED BY WORLD-WIDE PUBLICITY.

By IGNATIUS PHAYRE. (See Portrait and Note on the Opposite Page.)

SHE was getting into her car, this grave, preoccupied lady of quiet elegance, when I presented my letter of introduction outside a big pile of flats in the Haberland Strasse, which is the quietest backwater in all this new and noisy post-war Berlin. But then and there the New York girl reporter butted in; a suave and vivid figure,

and pupils who, when the chase gets too hot, will "hide" the Master, both in town and out of it. Here dainty dinners are served which the salt of the earth would be proud to partake of. For Albert Einstein is essentially a poet and an aristocrat; a witty, amusing talker, a man of simple yet fastidious tastes and scientific bent. He is the "high-brow" only when alone in his iron-doored attic, up there on the fifth floor under the roof (the true *philosophe sous les toits!*), listening, as it were, to the spatial music of the spheres.

I imagine no visitor goes upstairs to that big high-ceiled den of genius without profound respect. He is about to see one whom the late Lord Haldane presented to the scientists of Great Britain as "the greatest thinker since Newton." And Einstein had a real affection for our philosopher War Minister. From the soaring mind of this courtly Swiss Jew have come theories to revolutionise all the knowledge which humanity has amassed. And has not the very sun itself confirmed them?

He receives you with a slow smile, rising from a grand piano (music is Einstein's passion), where he has been "building up" the glorious *crescendo* of Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (Op. 110). I notice only the piano, and a huge, flat-topped desk from which roses lift their glowing sweetness out of a formidable litter of mathematical formulae and hieroglyphs. In this spacious room was written that odd "best-seller" which Einstein called "Zur Einheitlichen Feldtheorie." That cryptic *opus* was composed at the rate of about half a page a year!

To explain and link the behaviour of electricity and gravity, he had recourse to symbols which many of the greatest men of science had never before seen. His friend Herr Weitzenbock offered new "characters" for the making of this little book. Einstein himself begot a whole thesis of geometry for it, as a step to extend the famous theory of Relativity and throw light upon the structure of the universe.

And this brochure, "On the Theory of a Uniform Field," was actually awaited in the United States (of all places!) as eagerly as the result of a heavyweight prize-fight or a Presidential Election! It is this phenomenon which has so baffled and bothered the whole Einstein family.

To vulgar fame and money this supreme genius is quite indifferent, though he does appreciate the praise and homage of his intellectual peers in physical science the whole world over. Broad-browed and fine-featured, Albert Einstein is a handsome man of tranquil mien and pleasing voice. The head is that of an artist; the clear, heavy-lidded eyes are those of a seer; and a slight moustache does not conceal the sensitive mouth of a poet. Rather aloof with strangers, he soon unbends in company he cares for.

In the big attic I found him fairly well dressed in a jacket suit of grey tweed, with a stiff collar and plain satin stock. Out of town the great man is apt to degenerate in a sartorial sense—much as Mr. Churchill will when pottering with bricks at Westerham, or Mr. Baldwin at a football match. At no time, I fear, would Professor Einstein's clothes call for dithyrambs on the part of a punctilious artist of our *Tailor and Cutter*! Have I not seen this new interpreter of the Cosmos, in carpet-slippers and a

loose brown sweater, playing with a toy microscope like any enthusiastic boy? And, pricking his thumb with a needle to draw a drop of blood, the father cried, "Quick, Margot!" to his young daughter, that both might behold new marvels through the glass of their common toy.

Long ago Berlin received this "alien" with pride, and gave him all her honours. On his fiftieth birthday, presents, tributes, and degrees (even from Paris!) came in showers to swell the "avalanche" which they all regret. There were prosy gifts—dressing-gowns, pipes, and ties. Frau Einstein's own was a wooden bungalow as a summer refuge for her spouse. Berlin gave a town-house; his own pupils a sailing-yacht. A marble bust was ceremoniously unveiled in a Potsdam tower. There was even news of an Einstein forest, which co-religionists were planting in far-off Palestine, near the Holy City itself.

But the offering that moved the great man most was a packet of tobacco from one of Berlin's unemployed. A fellow of humour this: he begged the Doctor's acceptance of a thing so "relatively" small, yet one which sprang from the heart's infinite "field." Almost in tears, Einstein replied in a personal letter which took the form of a humorous poem—for which Mr. Gabriel Wells of New York, or his keen rival, Dr. Rosenbach of Philadelphia, would surely give a great price, as a unique Einstein holograph.

Strange to say, despite the family's dislike of publicity, the elder daughter is married to the manager of one of Berlin's foremost advertising agencies! Margot, the younger girl, is a sculptor of real talent; and her birthday gift to her father (presented with a clever poem) was the figure of a Rabbi in terra-cotta, carrying onions in each hand as the emblem of good luck and long life. This was apropos the onion-cure which Einstein took two years ago with excellent results. At table, by the way, this peculiar genius is a dainty *gourmet*. His favourite dishes are mushrooms and stuffed pike, with vegetables braised in a special way. He loves salads, too, as well as stewed fruits and home-baked tarts. But coffee and wines he may not take, for fear of heart attacks.

This notable family would be idyllically happy but for the tedious backwash of glory which has come to them from foreign lands. Germany herself would be well content to "own" Einstein and surround his austere genius with an aura of quiet worship to which none could object. But, unluckily, the Berlin of the present day is in many ways "Americanised," and apt to appraise things with all New York's noisy *élan*.

As for the colossus himself, no vulgarity touches him. It is not too much to say that this man's soul "is like a star, and dwells apart." He has humour to fence himself with, and knowledge of men as well as of all the worlds. Albert Einstein is still young, as great genius goes. He may well be only on the threshold of Discovery. His former theories may be found like the reiterate chords leading up to a fugal finale which lays bare the ultimate All of Things. Of this miracle I caught fanciful hints in that awesome attic, as the Master's delicate hands built up that epic Beethoven *crescendo* of the A flat Sonata, which is his especial delight.



THE DISCOVERER OF RELATIVITY SEEN IN HIS DOMESTIC RELATIONS: PROFESSOR EINSTEIN WITH HIS WIFE AND ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS, IN THEIR HOME AT BERLIN.

perfectly turned-out from feet to finger-tips. So I stood back a while; this duel was worth watching.

"I beg that you will excuse me," she was told at last, in unmistakable accents that quenched the purpose of bright, eager eyes. "An avalanche has of late descended on the Professor and me. We dislike it intensely. Good-morning, Miss . . ." That was the end.

Einstein himself is more effectually guarded from the "columnists" than was Gladstone during his pontifical reign in Downing Street and Hawarden Castle. He has a secretary, of course—able, tactful, and always harassed. But she never answers the telephone. This is Frau Einstein's task, and it takes hours a day—especially in long-distance calls from the United States, and from seats of learning as far apart as Oxford and Moscow, Stockholm and Rome. Letters and cables arrive in shoals; these range from the reconnoitre to the fantastic; silly questions of astrology, requests for photographs and autographs, for definition, explanation, and solemn judgment between rival interpreters of his own cosmic speculations.

"Why all this fuss?" Albert Einstein asks, like another Leonardo disturbed in his many mysteries. Why should his little shilling pamphlet of symbols (ten years' labour!) suddenly flame into a "best-seller," seeing that not a dozen intellects can follow this colossus of thought into the dim inane of things infinite? Harried and wearied at times by a wholly unaccountable "popularity," the Doctor (and his wife and daughter, too) canvass their intimates to throw light upon a matter which perplexes them.

"It is the lure of the Unknown," Dr. Theodore Reik tells them. "Your 'Relativity' has become a catchword; it has enveloped the globe with the speed of light itself. Ordinary people sense awe in the term. They're still groping for a First Cause, since religion has been dethroned. They're vaguely hoping that the Riddle of the Universe may find its ultimate solution in Einstein's brain."

To all of which the great man replies with calm but pungent humour. Distracted by a deluge of queries, his secretary one day asked him: "What shall I say is 'Relativity'?" The epic thinker replied with an unexpected parable. "When a man talks," he said, with a poet's smile, "to a pretty girl for an hour, it seems to him only a minute. But let him sit on a hot stove for only a minute—and it's longer than any hour! That is 'Relativity'!"

On the fourth floor of that lofty apartment-house in the Haberland Strasse are the reception, dining, and bedrooms of the Einstein *ménage*. Here he greets the friends



EINSTEIN AS A VIOLINIST: THE GREAT SCIENTIST AS HE APPEARS WHEN "BUILDING-UP THE GLORIOUS CRESCENDO" OF HIS FAVOURITE BEETHOVEN SONATA.

EINSTEIN'S NEW IDEA: "SPACE PRIMARY; MATTER A SECONDARY RESULT."

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY E. O. HOPPÉ. (SEE ARTICLE AND ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

**AN EMINENT VISITOR TO ENGLAND: PROF. EINSTEIN, THE FAMOUS PROPOUNDER OF THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY.**

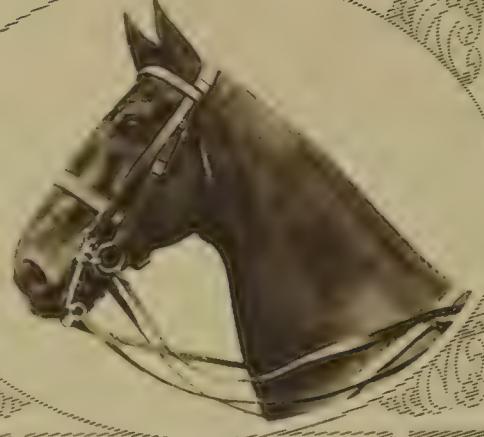
Professor Einstein, whose Theory of Relativity has revolutionised physics and mathematics, recently came on a visit to this country. Unfortunately, he has not been well lately, and on June 19 it was stated that his doctors had forbidden him to travel to Oxford just then to receive an honorary degree from the University. He was thus honoured at Cambridge, we may recall, on June 5. In a recent lecture at University College, Nottingham, he mentioned a new idea on which he had been working, that came to him on a sick bed. "Space (he said) will have to be regarded as primary, and matter derived

from it as a secondary result. That is to say, space has now turned round, and is eating up matter. Space is now having its revenge." Professor Einstein was born at Ulm, Würtemberg, in 1879, and spent his boyhood at Munich. He was educated at a Swiss cantonal school at Aarau and at the polytechnic school at Zürich, where, in 1909, he became professor of theoretical physics at the University. In 1913 a special post was created for him in Berlin, as Director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Physical Institute, where he was enabled to devote all his time to research. He was awarded a Nobel Prize in 1921.

HEADS OF THE EQUINE ARISTOCRACY: NOTABLE HORSES AT OLYMPIA.



"BRICKET FUSILIER": A HACKNEY PONY SHOWN BY MR. R. D. BLAIR.



"ARCACHON": A FRENCH JUMPER SHOWN BY LIEUT. X. BIZARD.



"DADDY LONGLEGS": AN ENGLISH JUMPER SHOWN BY THE EQUITATION SCHOOL, WEEDON.



"TOBY": A WELL-KNOWN JUMPER SHOWN BY MISS M. A. BULLOWS (LADY WRIGHT).



"TANTIVITY": A BOY'S HUNTER SHOWN BY MASTER STANLEY HOY.



"BATTLE ROYAL II.": A HACK SHOWN BY MAJOR R. M. STEWART RICHARDSON.



"WEYMOUTH": A POLO PONY SHOWN BY THE HURLINGHAM CLUB.



"HANDLEY CROSS": A NOVICE HUNTER SHOWN BY LORD HILLINGDON.



"TOP TWIGG": A POLICE HORSE SHOWN BY THE SALFORD CITY POLICE.



"DIPLOMAT": AN OFFICER'S CHARGER SHOWN BY MAJOR J. H. DUDGEON.



"STARLIGHTS": A CHILD'S HUNTER SHOWN BY MISS JILL HERMON-ERRIMAN.



"DOUGLAS OF HURST BARNES": A SHETLAND PONY SHOWN BY LADY HOBART.

IN spite of the ever-increasing use of mechanised transport in England, the popularity of the horse in certain spheres is undiminished. The entries for this year's International Horse Show, which opened at Olympia on the afternoon of June 19 and finished to-day, the 28th, constituted a record—though the attendance, perhaps, suffered somewhat on the earlier days by the competitive attraction—also of horses and their riders—at Ascot. Olympia, however, derived a romantic interest from the presence of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who on each day gave to a delighted audience of those whom interest in the horse had drawn there, displays of the skill and the good

(Continued opposite.)

Continued.]
form of their horsemanship. Visiting French officers constituted, as always, a special attraction, when they appeared in various important events, including the King's Cup (won by a British officer); while Lieut. X. Bizard, of Saumur, carried off the Casani Gold Challenge Cup for jumping on the course, on his "Arcachon." "Battle Royal" was champion hack at Richmond as well as a prize-winner at Olympia. "Handley Cross" was champion hunter at Richmond and First Novice Hunter at Olympia. Miss Jill Hermon-Erriman, of Folkestone, the young owner of "Starlights," also won a prize with her "Incognita," which she rode herself in the Children's Amateur riding class.

AN EQUINE ARISTOCRAT—ALSO ON SHOW! THE EARLIEST ENGLISH ROCKING-HORSE KNOWN.

the famous treatise written by William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, when he was in exile and published at Antwerp in 1658. The saddle, stirrups, and bit, in fact, correspond almost exactly with those in the Duke's engraved illustrations, and thus serve to date the rocking-horse as having been made in about 1660. It should be added that one leg has been repaired; and that the stand may be of a later period.



THE 17TH-CENTURY ROCKING-HORSE LENT TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM—PROBABLY THE EARLIEST ENGLISH EXAMPLE OF THIS TOY IN EXISTENCE: A PHOTOGRAPH TO SHOW DETAIL OF THE CONTEMPORARY HARNESS.

THE exceptionally interesting rocking-horse here illustrated has been lent to the Victoria and Albert Museum by Lord Grantley, in whose fourteenth-century manor house, Markenfield Hall, Ripon, it was until recently. The horse, which is probably the earliest existing example of its kind, is of the type represented in Vandycck's equestrian portraits; while the contemporary saddle and trappings resemble closely those shown in "Méthode et Invention de Dresser les Chevaux,"

[Continued in Box 2.]



REMARKABLY REALISTIC FOR A TOY: THE VERY FINELY MODELLED HEAD OF THE ROCKING-HORSE; SHOWING THE CARE DEVOTED TO THE VEINS OF THE NOSTRILS AND OTHER DETAILS.



OF THE TYPE
REPRESENTED IN
VANDYCK'S
EQUESTRIAN
PORTRAITS AND
WITH SADDLE
AND TRAPPINGS
RESEMBLING
THOSE IN A
FAMOUS DUCAL
TREATISE ON
EQUITATION:
THE SEVEN-
TEENTH-CENTURY
ROCKING-HORSE
WHICH IS NOW
TO BE SEEN AT
SOUTH
KENSINGTON.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WHENEVER I hear of a book that has been banned as offending the proprieties, although hailed by the emancipated as a masterpiece, there is waged within me a sort of civil war, between a remnant of Victorian respectability and a literary conscience urging me not to miss something I ought to know. Hitherto, I have usually decided to abstain from such forbidden fruit, not exactly

"Lest we lose our Edens—
Eve and I,"

but because, as a law-abiding citizen, I dislike having to procure a book by clandestine means.

Consequently, on receiving, in the ordinary course of duty, "JAMES JOYCE'S 'ULYSSES,'" A Study. By Stuart Gilbert (Faber and Faber; 21s.), I find myself among those to whom Mr. Gilbert alludes when he says: "Though *Ulysses* is probably the most-discussed literary work that has appeared in our time, the book itself is hardly more than a name to many. I have, therefore (he continues), quoted freely from the text, so that those who are unable to . . . acquire the original may, despite the censorial ban, become acquainted with Mr. Joyce's epic work. . . . It cannot be too strongly urged that this study necessarily presents a bowdlerised and imperfect image of the original, and that the serious reader should (if he has not already done so) buy, borrow, or purloin a copy of the complete book."

Before dipping into Mr. Gilbert's expository pages, I had but the haziest notion of what "*Ulysses*" is about, why it was banned, and why, as a novel, it is considered an epoch-making pioneer of a new school. Mr. Gilbert makes all these matters clear. He shows it to be a work of genius, of extensive erudition, of daring freedoms in language, and of great originality in method. Two comments, however, suggest themselves. One is that a writer who deliberately flouts the conventions gets a long start, in notoriety, over equally brilliant rivals who observe them, just as a man who dresses like an ancient Greek, and wears long hair, will attract attention while cleverer men are lost in the crowd of lounge suits and Trilby hats. The other reflection is: the author must have realised that his "unconventionalities" meant ostracism, and must therefore have been actuated by deep sincerity. Mr. Joyce, in fact, intentionally forced the question of an artist's right to omit nothing human from a representation of humanity. It is curious, by the way, that the movement to extend our social liberty of speech should be led chiefly by Irish writers. Mr. Shaw succeeded in getting one little word across the footlights. Mr. Joyce, I gather from all the indications, will have harder going.

For the benefit of others who may be vague as to the scope of his book, I will quote a few words from Mr. Gilbert's summary. "*Ulysses* is the record of a single day, June 16, 1904. That day was very much like any other, unmarked by any important event. . . . It was the climax of a long drought, and the many public-houses of the Irish capital claimed most of the Dubliners' spare time and cash; the former, as usual, abundant; the latter scarce, as usual. In the morning a citizen was buried; a little before midnight a child was born. . . . In the intervals of imbibing Guinness, Power, or 'J. J. and S.' the Dubliners discoursed with animation on their pet topic, Irish politics, mutually bemused themselves by the singing of amorous or patriotic ballads, lost money over the Ascot Gold Cup. . . . A perfectly ordinary day, in fact. . . . The 'realism' of *Ulysses* goes far deeper than the mere exercise of verbal frankness. . . . There are two factors which place Mr. Joyce's work in a class apart. . . . first, the creator's standpoint to his theme, the unusual angle from which he views his creatures; and, secondly, his use of the 'silent monologue.'

Mr. Joyce spent seven years, we learn, in writing his book, at Trieste, Zurich, and Paris, between the dates 1914 and 1921. It has an allegorical side, regarding which Mr. Gilbert says: "The 'key' to *Ulysses*, as M. Valery Larbaud has remarked, is plain to see on its title-page: the name *Ulysses*. It is in the story of the *Odyssey* that we may find a clue to the obscurities in this modern epic of a Dublin day. . . . Though it is in no sense a parody of the *Odyssey*, its author is an Irishman and alive to the humorous possibilities of an esoteric allusion or Homeric recall." Mr. Gilbert elaborates the analogies and adds: "James Joyce is, in fact, in the line of classical tradition which begins with Homer."

My first thought, on reading these and similar observations, was: Why drag in Homer? What is Odysseus of many counsels doing in that galley? Or, in other words—

Why make an Irish stew of Circe's isle,
And stain with bottled stout the wine-dark sea?

Has the author, I wonder, ever felt impelled to imitate Keats in the apology with which he prefaced "*Endymion*?"

"I hope I have not in too late a day touched the beautiful mythology of Greece and dulled its brightness." On second thoughts, however, a lover of the classics may see cause for satisfaction in Mr. Joyce's button-holing of Homer—it may tempt the average sensual man, satiated with drinking "life to the lees" in Dublin, to quit the waters of Life for what Andrew Lang has called—

"The surge and thunder of the *Odyssey*."

Mr. Joyce, we are reminded, has founded a school of fiction, and most of our younger generation of writers have been influenced by his work. It might be rather fun to join the merry throng of strayed revellers, and write up a typical day in the life of some such place as Basingstoke—that touchstone of repentance—or Burton-on-Trent (where one could find a parallel to Irish stout, if not to Irish

in a verse-rendering to the literal sense, it enables even those readers with "little Latin" to move easily through the epic and appreciate something of its poetic quality. Personally, I hanker after verse translations in the same metre as the originals, but that may be too much to expect. The metre Mr. Way has chosen perhaps lends itself better in English to swift narrative. It lacks, of necessity, from structural differences in the two languages, the compact precision of Virgil's hexameters. This point is at once visually apparent on every page, for the English lines are often nearly twice as long as the opposite Latin, and the effect is naturally somewhat cumbersome. If we miss the Virgilian magic—the carven phrase and the haunting cadences of the "lord of language"—we may still be grateful for an honest and picturesque version obviously inspired by enthusiasm and fidelity. Here are a few lines by way of example. Juno is denouncing Venus—

"What meanest thou then to trouble a warfare-teeming town
And angry hearts? Is it I who essay to tumble down
Thy tottering Phrygia? I—or thy minion who cast for
a prey
To Achaeans the wretched Trojans? What was the true
cause, say,
Why Europe and Asia rose to arms, why treachery
Broke peace?"



A SKYSCRAPER DESIGNED TO CARRY A MOORING-MAST FOR DIRIGIBLES ON ITS ROOF: A PROJECTED 85-STORY STRUCTURE—OF THE OLD, UNCOLOURED, TYPE—NOW IN PROCESS OF ERECTION IN NEW YORK.

We reproduce here the architect's drawing of a vast new skyscraper which is now in process of erection in New York City, where it replaces the old Waldorf Astoria Hotel, which formerly occupied the same site. The "Empire State Building," as it is to be called, will be eighty-five storeys high, reaching to 1100 ft. above the level of the street when finished. It is further designed to support on its summit a 300-ft. mooring-mast for dirigibles. The project is sponsored by Alfred Smith, former Governor of New York.

politics), flavour the brew with all the Virgilian allusions one could think of, and label the result "*Æneas*." The idea is suggested by the sight of a book that would provide plenty of suitable classical lore, namely, "*THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL*." In English Verse. Vol. IV. Books X.-XII. By Arthur S. Way, D.Lit. Author of Translations into English Verse of Homer, the Greek Dramatists, Pindar, Theocritus, etc. (Macmillan; 5s.).

Mr. Way's version, which is printed facing the Latin text, strikes me as being admirably adapted to those who want to read Virgil as literature rather than as a linguistic exercise. Keeping as closely as is possible

Several references to Virgil, including the story of *Æneas* and the Harpies, and that of his meeting with his father, Anchises, in the under-world (as evidence of the antiquity of hand-shaking), occur in a little book of unusual interest called "*THE BRIDLE OF PEGASUS*." Studies in Magic, Mythology, and Folklore. By Warren R. Dawson (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Dawson, who is an authority on the medical side of antiquity, as shown in his work on Imhotep, the Egyptian *Æsculapius* (which I remember noticing on this page), has in his new book explored several fascinating bypaths of primitive custom. Explaining the significance of his title, he writes: "Unconnected as they are . . . these studies have one feature in common, for they reveal some of the manifold attempts of early man to control by divine or magical aid the forces of nature. . . . just as in Greek legend Bellerophon, by the help of the magic bridle put into his hands by Athena, was able to tame and mount Pegasus, the immortal winged steed, by whose aid he defeated the Chimæra."

An Oriental epic of the tenth century has provided material for "*THE HEROINES OF ANCIENT PERSIA*." Stories Retold from the *Shâhnâma* of Firdausi. With fourteen Illustrations (from old Persian Manuscripts). By Bapsy Pavry (Cambridge University Press; 15s.). The careers of these ladies are told in a simple and somewhat undistinguished style, with occasional verse translations of extracts from the original source, and prefaced by a brief memoir of the poet. "It is the emphasis on the individuality of the heroines," writes the author, "that sets the work of Firdausi apart from other epic tales. Homer and Virgil, with very few exceptions, portrayed a man's world, in which the women played at best a subordinate rôle. Firdausi leads us into a society where women are not mere shadows or reflections, but proud and strong personalities." Of timely interest during a London season is the picture from an early Persian manuscript entitled "*Gushtasp Plays Polo with the Emperor of Rum*," accompanied by a description of a royal tournament in which that hero also distinguished himself in archery.

This brings me to a charmingly illustrated anthology of the bow in prose and verse, which, unfortunately, I have only room to mention by name. It is called "*THE ARCHER'S CHRONICLE AND GREENWOOD COMPANION*." By Kenneth Hare (Williams and Norgate; 15s.). The illustrations are from old manuscripts and prints in the British Museum.

Finally, I would commend to all students of mediæval history and social life three other works which I should like to discuss as fully as they deserve. One is "*THE CRUSADES*." Iron Men and Saints. By Harold Lamb, author of "*Genghis Khan*" and "*Tamerlane*." Illustrated (Thornton Butterworth; 10s. 6d.). This is the story of the first Crusade, in which, I see, the author refers to Bohemund as the "*Ulysses*" of that great adventure. The second is "*THE BOOK OF THE KNIGHT OF LA TOUR-LANDRY*." Edited by G. S. Taylor. With Introduction by D. B. Wyndham Lewis (Hamilton; 10s. 6d.). This book, we are told, "was the Manual of Deportment for girls of birth in France, England, and such parts of Germany as were relatively civilised, from the year of its appearance (1371) to well into the Renaissance." Third and last comes a scholarly and well-pictured little volume called "*FLORENTINE SCULPTORS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY*." By the Right Hon. W. Ormsby Gore, M.P. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.). The authoritative character of this work is indicated by the fact that the author is a trustee of the National Gallery, as well as an experienced traveller. C. E. B.

A Coloured Sky-Scraper: Rivalling the Gold-plated, Gemmed East.

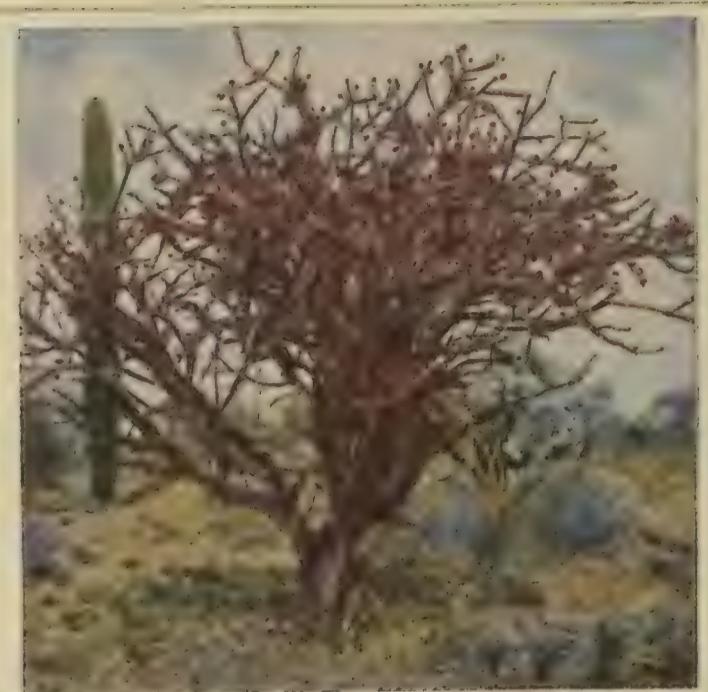


A BRIGHTER AMERICA? THE PROPOSED "FASHION" BUILDING" ENCASED IN COLOURED BLOCKS.

Although Western commercial architects have not the resources of the palace and temple builders of India and China—they cannot draw on supplies of gold plate, rubies, and emeralds for their exterior decorations—there are now being made in the United States coloured terra-cotta blocks which open up startling new possibilities

that may transform the hitherto staidly-coloured structures. Our reproduction shows the design for a proposed coloured sky-scraper in New York—to be dedicated to "Fashion." Its exterior is encased in coloured terra-cotta blocks, a material which is of considerable durability and a perfectly sound "commercial proposition."

A Yielder of Candy—and other Strange Cacti: Desert Fantasies.



LIKE RED-BRANCHED CORAL: THE RED CHOLLA, A TREE-CACTUS, IN FULL BLOOM.

READING D. H. Lawrence's stories, one is sometimes tempted to believe that the author was an expert at drawing the long bow, so highly coloured are his descriptions of Mexican scenery and vegetation! Yet the American tourist can take the train to the border town of Tuscon, in Arizona, and, without any further trouble than that of a long motor journey over an ancient but satisfactory road, see wonders that are equally odd and incredible. The area between Tuscon and the Gulf of California is technically mostly desert—that is, it has no water—and motorists have to take care to provide their own supply; yet it abounds in some of the most fantastic vegetable forms known to botany. As the coast line of the Gulf is approached, and the atmosphere grows moister, the road runs through forests of gigantic tree-cacti. The varieties of the cacti that flourish in this part of Mexico are described by Robert Fotheringham in an article in the American "Country Life," by courtesy of which the colour photographs on this page are reproduced. Some species—particularly the "saguaro" (to give it its Mexican name)—grow to a height of from forty to sixty feet and reach an age of from 150 to 200 years. They are, in their make-up, 97 per cent. water—although the country in which they grow is a waterless desert. They have no deep tap-root which supplies them, their roots all lying very close to the surface of the

[Continued below.]



FAMILIAR TO READERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE'S MEXICAN STORIES: THE "SPANISH BAYONET" (YUCCA PALM) IN FULL BLOOM.



A PROFUSION OF COLOUR IN A WATERLESS WASTE OF SAND: BLOSSOMS OF THE PRICKLY PEAR (INDIAN FIG CACTUS).



INHABITED BY THE MINUTE COCHINEAL INSECT: A PURPLE NOPAL CACTUS—IN THE BACKGROUND A GIGANTIC BRANCHED SAGUARO.



WITH A CACTUS WREN'S NEST BUILT AMID THE PROTECTIVE THORNS (RIGHT CENTRE) AND THUS SAFE FROM ATTACK BY HAWKS: THE SILVER CHOLLA, A MOST FORMIDABLE CACTUS.

Continued.]

earth, and spreading out to no more than six or ten feet. How they manage to exist with these apparently contradictory characteristics is a mystery which still puzzles botanists. More modest cousins of these giants are the nopal, or flat-leaved cactus (illustrated here). These may be sometimes seen sold by florists in pots; but in this desert they flourish



A VEGETABLE "TRAVELLERS' FRIEND": THE VISNAGA, OR BARREL-CACTUS, FROM WHICH "WATER" IS OBTAINED AND FROM WHICH CANDY IS MADE BY LOCAL CONFECTIONERS.

in rich deep pinks and purples, with gorgeous red flowers having yellow-edged centres. There is, also, the visnaga, or barrel cactus (also illustrated here), from which the thirsty traveller can always extract a sweetish, watery sap by gouging a hole in it; and from this useful plant local confectioners make candy.

THE KING AND QUEEN DRIVING TO ST. PAUL'S FOR THE REOPENING.



"WELCOME TO OUR CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. PAUL ON THIS DAY OF ITS COMPLETED RESTORATION":
THE ROYAL CARRIAGE CONTAINING THEIR MAJESTIES ON ITS WAY UP LUDGATE HILL.

The King and Queen drove from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's, for the Thanksgiving Service on the reopening of the Cathedral, on June 25. The royal procession was of the simplest character, consisting of two plain road landaus, each drawn by four horses with outriders, but with no escort. Their Majesties rode in the first one, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. The Lord Mayor, holding erect the City Sword (which he had ceremonially offered

to the King at Temple Bar), awaited their Majesties at the foot of the Cathedral steps. When the royal party arrived, a procession was formed, and the King and Queen took their seats under the Dome. In the Choir were assembled no fewer than 160 Archbishops and Bishops. The National Anthem was sung and the Dean then recited the Bidding, beginning: "I bid you welcome to our Cathedral Church of St. Paul on this day of its completed restoration."

HORSEMANSHIP EXTRAORDINARY: RIDING FEATS FOR THE ALDERSHOT SHOW AND THE MOUNTED POLICE DISPLAYS.



A FEAT CALLING FOR A STEADY MOUNT AND A COOL-HEADED ASSISTANT: JUMPING THE PRAM FOR THE ALDERSHOT HORSE AND HOUND SHOW.



ANOTHER FEATURE OF THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF THE ALDERSHOT HORSE AND HOUND SHOW: JUMPING HOSPITAL "CASES" AT ONE OF THE REHEARSALS.

A FINE DISPLAY OF HUSSAR HORSEMANSHIP.
A SURPRISE JUMP OVER A BATH AND OCCUPANT.

THE horse has been much in the public eye of late: witness various shows, notably Richmond, and the International at Olympia; and, of course, he figured largely in the Military Tournament and the Aldershot Tattoo. Fresh displays of horsemanship are to be seen when the Aldershot Show opens in the first week of July. This includes a motor exhibition, cavalry-riding displays, horse and hound shows, and instrumental concerts, interspersed with incidents both sensational and humorous, such as those illustrated above. Performers in it will be the 8th King's Irish [Continued below.]



A COMIC FEATURE THAT DEMANDS STEADY NERVES: JUMPING A HUMAN FENCE (WITH CLOWNS) IN THE REHEARSAL FOR THE ALDERSHOT HORSE AND HOUND SHOW.

INTERRUPTING A "STAGE" DINNER - PARTY: A LAUGHABLE CIRCUS TRICK PERFORMED BY HORSE AND RIDER.



SHOWING THE AGILITY AND STEADINESS OF HORSES WHICH HAVE BEEN BROKEN IN TO MODERN TRAFFIC CONDITIONS: A MOUNTED POLICEMAN JUMPS A FARM CART IN THE REHEARSAL AT IMBER COURT.



THE HORSE "GETS HIS OWN BACK" FROM MECHANISED TRANSPORT!—A FARCIICAL INCIDENT REHEARSSED BY THE MOUNTED POLICE IN PREPARATION FOR THEIR FORTHCOMING SERIES OF DISPLAYS.

[Continued.]

Hussars and the 14/20th Hussars. Another spectacle of the same nature is that which the Mounted Police have been rehearsing at Imber Court, Esher. It is proposed to give riding displays at different places throughout the summer—at agricultural shows and at exhibitions—where the presence of such accomplished entertainers, both human and equine, will be welcomed. It will be easy to see in these displays numberless proofs of how thorough is the strictly practical training that is given to all the horses of our Mounted Police.

THE OBSTINATE "HINDENBURG": SALVING THE SUNKEN BATTLE-CRUISER.



STILL REFUSING TO BE RAISED: THE SEA-WEED AND BARNACLE-COVERED "HINDENBURG," OF GERMANY'S SCUTTLED FLEET, AT SCAPA FLOW—RESTING ON THE BOTTOM IN GUTTA SOUND.



A DEFIER OF SHIP-SALVAGERS: THE GERMAN BATTLE-CRUISER "HINDENBURG" AS SHE APPEARED, SURROUNDED BY CRANES AND SALVAGE-CRAFT, JUST BEFORE THE LATEST (AND UNSUCCESSFUL) ATTEMPT TO FLOAT HER.

Of the forty-five war-vessels treacherously sunk by the Germans at Scapa Flow in 1919, twenty-nine were salved within the next six or seven years; but the efforts made to raise the great battle-cruiser "Hindenburg" all ended in failure. The peculiar nature of this ship's situation on the bottom, which gives her a vicious tendency to heel over when partially emptied of water by pumping, was the chief reason for this; but her size alone makes the salvaging of her the biggest undertaking of its kind that the world has ever seen, even though she is not entirely covered at high water. On June 21 last (the eleventh anniversary

of her being scuttled), a race began to empty her of water before she assumed a fatal list. But, in spite of a big bed of concrete laid on the bottom by her stern to stabilise her, just before high water, the "Hindenburg" once again heeled to such a dangerous pitch that the salvage experts were forced to order her abandonment and stop the pumps. This "round" of the herculean contest with natural forces was thus lost. The contractors now contemplate laying down another bed of concrete by her stern, preparatory to making a last, and exceedingly thorough, effort to get her to the surface.

“ON THE LAWNS” AT WIMBLEDON:

J. W. NUTHALL, BROTHER OF
‘BETTY,’ BEATING DU FOYER.H. W. AUSTIN DURING HIS KEEN
MATCH WITH E. R. AVERY.ALAIN J. GERIAULT, THE FRENCH “LONG” YACHTSMAN,
WHO WAS BEATEN BY G. H. PERKINS.B. HILLIARD (BEATEN BY F. J.
PERRY) PLAYING IN SHORTS.H. COCHET, THE CHAMPION, IN PLAY
AGAINST TIMMER.E. F. MOON, OF AUSTRALIA, A “SEEDED”
PLAYER WHO WAS BEATEN.W. ALLISON, OF AMERICA,
WHO BEAT E. F. MOON EASILY.N. SHARPE, WHO WAS BEATEN
BY J. H. DOEG.AS “ACROBATIC”
AS EVER!
J. BOHOTRA—
OFTEN DUBBED
“THE BOUNDING
BASQUE”—
FALLING DURING
HIS MATCH WITH
F. CROSbie, OF
IRELAND.ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, 1930, ON THE LAWNS OF THE ALL-ENGLAND LAWN-TENNIS CLUB, WIMBLEDON:
HENRI COCHET (FRANCE), THE CHAMPION (NEARER CAMERA), GOING ON TO THE CENTRE COURT WITH H. TIMMER, OF HOLLAND.ENTHUSIASM: A SECTION OF THE EARLY QUEUE AT
WIMBLEDON ON THE OPENING DAY.

ALMOST AS FAMOUS AS THE CENTRE COURT, WHICH IS THE BEST-KNOWN LAWN-TENNIS COURT IN THE WORLD: OUTER COURTS AT WIMBLEDON—with matches in progress.

AN IMPORTANT “SIDE SHOW” AT WIMBLEDON DURING THE GREAT CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING,
WHICH IS AT ONCE A GREAT SPORTING EVENT AND A SOCIETY “OCCASION”: TEA-TIME.AN ICE-BOX FOR THE TENNIS BALLS: KEEPING THE BALLS
UNIFORM IN TEMPERATURE AND, THEREFORE, IN BOUNCE.

Play in the Lawn-Tennis Championships, 1930, began on June 23 on the lawns of the All-England Lawn-Tennis Club, which has, and will continue to have, its meetings until July 5. It need hardly be said that the usual enthusiasm reigns, and that it will grow as the meeting progresses, until it culminates at the Finals. The opening day was of excellent sunny weather. The attendance was most satisfactory; the weather was good; and there were some exciting games, notably that between Henri Cochet, the champion, and H. Timmer, of Holland, when the

(Continued opposite.)

Continued. latter player extended his opponent in somewhat unexpected manner. In the end, Cochet won 6-4, 6-11, 4-6, 6-2. A surprise was sprung by W. Allison, of America, who beat the Australian champion, E. F. Moon, a “seeded” player, 6-1, 6-3, 6-3, and another by the “seeded” H. W. Austin, who met difficulty in the first two sets when beating E. R. Avery. Two new “features” are electrical scoring-boards and an ice-box in which the balls are kept before use, that their temperature—and, therefore, their bounce—may be uniform.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: PICTORIAL RECORDS



MRS. MARY HAMILTON, M.P.
Mrs. Hamilton has been appointed Parliamentary private secretary to Major R. R. Banks, Minister of Railways and Transport. She is Labour M.P. for Blackburn, and has been a member of Parliament since 1924. In 1928 she succeeded Mr. Justice Banks as President of the Railway and Canal Commission.



SIR MONTAGUE LUSH.
Sir Montague Lush, formerly a Judge of the Admiralty's Bench, died on June 22, aged seventy-six. He was a member of the Bar at Gray's Inn in 1879, took silk in 1902, and became a Queen's Counsel in 1905. He succeeded Mr. Justice Banks as President of the Railway and Canal Commission.



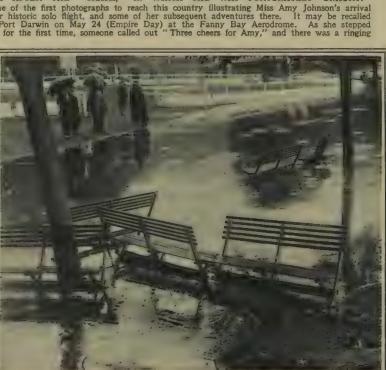
MISS AMY JOHNSON'S MISHAP AT BRISBANE AFTER HER GREAT FLIGHT TO AUSTRALIA:
HER AIRPLANE AFTER THE "CRASH" IN WHICH SHE WAS FORTUNATELY UNHURT.
We publish here some of the first photographs to reach this country illustrating Miss Amy Johnson's arrival in Australia after her historic solo flight, and some of her subsequent adventures there. It may be recalled that she landed at Port Darwin on May 24 (Empire Day) at the Fanny Bay Aerodrome. As she stepped on to Australian soil for the first time, someone called out "Three cheers for Amy," and there was a ringing



"BOBBY" JONES RECEIVING THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP CUP AT HOYLAKE.
Mr. R. T. Jones, the famous American golfer, won the British Open Championship at Hoylake, on June 23, with a score of 291 for 72 holes. He had previously won the British Amateur Championship at St. Andrews.



THE WINNER OF THE KING GEORGE V. GOLD CUP
AT THE ROYAL SHOW: LT. J. A. TALBOT-PONSONBY.
There was a British victory this year in the jumping competition for the King George V. Gold Cup, by military officers of any nation, the trophy being awarded to Lt. J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby, 7th Queen's Own Hussar, on his twelve-year-old brown mare named Cheshire.



THE UNIQUE ASCOT OF 1930: A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE FLOODED PADDOCK
AFTER THE GREAT STORM.
As the result of a thunderstorm with torrential rain, similar to those which raged over many parts of England, racing had to be abandoned on the second day of the Ascot meeting. The track was so water-logged that the horses could not get through it, and among the audience is Wolsley. After the young man has taken leave of his fellow townsmen in order to go to Oxford, he will travel to London to witness scenes from Henry VIII., and various historical episodes.



A THRILLING MOMENT IN THE FIGDOR SALE AT VIENNA: THE STROZZI FOOTSTOOL,
A FIFTEEN-CENTURY TREASURE (SEEN IN RIGHT BACKGROUND), BEING AUCTIONED.
The sale, at the Footstool, from the collection of Prince Strozzi at Florence, is one of the most famous pieces of furniture ever sold. On June 23, 1929, it fetched £100,000 (\$200,000). This time it fell to an American bidder for 165,000 Austrian shillings. The sale was conducted by Artaria & Co., of Vienna, in conjunction with Paul Cassier, of Berlin. We regret that this fact was not mentioned in our last number under illustrations of medieval tapestries included in the sale.



CHICAGO HONOURS A JOURNALIST MURDERED BY "GANGSTERS": THE FUNERAL
OF MR. ALFRED LINGLE—THE COFFIN BEING CARRIED INTO A CHURCH (ON LEFT).
The recent murder of Mr. Alfred Lingle, the "crime correspondent" of the "Chicago Tribune," caused an immediate stir in the city and general alarm. The funeral service was sumptuous, and the police made nearly 600 arrests. The funeral of Mr. Lingle took place on June 22. The procession to the cemetery, where a military salute was fired, included squadrons of mounted police, naval reservists, military bands, and members of the city fire brigade.

OF NOTABLE EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.



AMONG THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS TO REACH ENGLAND OF MISS AMY JOHNSON IN AUSTRALIA:
CHATTING WITH CAPT. BIRD JUST AFTER LANDING AT PORT DARWIN.
responses. She was dressed in khaki shorts and pullover, with a green sun helmet. She looked sunburnt and tired, but smiling. From the time she started flying from Townsville for a one-way flight to Port Darwin, it will be remembered, she continued her flight southward towards Sydney, and on reaching Brisbane (May 29) she had a mishap. In descending, her machine side-slipped, struck a fence, and crashed.



SIR ISRAEL GOLLANZ.
Sir Israel Gollancz, who died on June 23, had been Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of London since 1905, and Secretary of the British Academy since its foundation in 1902. He was a well-known authority on Early and Middle English.



THE NAWAB OF RAMPUR.
Major-General Sir Sayyid Mohammad Hamid Ali Khan Bahadur, Nawab of Rampur, died recently at his residence in London. He was the most important Moslem State of Northern India, and the Nawab was also head of the Rohilla Afghans. He was a man of great culture, a patron of arts, and a strong upholder of the British Raj.



THE IPSWICH PAGEANT: HEROD IN A SCENE FROM A MYSTERY PLAY
WATCHED BY A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY AUDIENCE, INCLUDING WOLSEY.
The Ipswich Pageant opens with a scene in the market-place of Ipswich on the festival of Corpus Christi. The audience consists of King Edward IV., Queen Elizabeth Woodville, and among the audience is Wolsey. After the young man has taken leave of his fellow townsmen in order to go to Oxford, he will travel to London to witness scenes from Henry VIII., and various historical episodes.



MISS AMY JOHNSON AS TENNIS PLAYER
ON THE COURTS AT PORT DARWIN.
On the morning of June 25th the young aviator attended the Victoria League's oyster and dancing till 1 a.m. On the morning of the 25th she played several games of tennis before attending to her correspondence.



PRINCESS MARY AS D.O.L. OF OXFORD: HER ARRIVAL
TO OPEN A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AT HEADINGTON.
Princess Mary Countess of Harrold visited Oxford on June 22, and received from the University the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law. Still wearing her uniform as a Royal Air Force pilot, she attended the Victoria League's oyster and dancing till 1 a.m. On the morning of the 25th she played several games of tennis before attending to her correspondence.



THE NEW UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS AT BRUSSELS: THE SCENE OF A RECENT OPENING
CEREMONY IN THE PRESENCE OF KING ALBERT.
The new buildings of the University of Brussels were opened on June 23, in the presence of King Albert, M. Maxime le Burquin, and Mr. Hugh Glanfield, U.S. Ambassador. A cheque for 1,000,000 francs (\$52,700) for the students' home, was presented by the Commission for relief in Belgium. King Albert, in his speech, said that the reconstruction of the Belgian universities had been made possible by the resounding success of the University both of Brussels and Louvain.



IN LONDON REGARDING THE CHURCH-AND-STATE CRISIS IN MALTA: LORD STRICKLAND
LEFT, HEAD OF THE MALTESE MINISTRY, AND SIR AUGUSTUS BARTOLO.
The controversy between Church and State in Malta was the subject of a conference at the Colonial Office, on June 17, between the Secretary of State for the Colonies (Lord Passfield) and Lord Strickland, the Head of the Maltese Ministry, with other accompanying Ministers. The Maltese Minister of Education, who was announced in Malta on the 20th that the Constitution had been suspended indefinitely, and that the Ministers had handed in their seals to the Governor.

INCLUDING SCARSDALE HEIRLOOMS: OLD MASTERS TO BE AUCTIONED.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON AND WOODS.



"A VIEW OF DORDRECHT."—BY JAN VAN GOYEN (1596-1666).



"A VIEW OF ANTWERP, FROM THE RIVER."—BY JAN VAN GOYEN.



"LADY DASHWOOD AND CHILD."—BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (1723-1792).



"PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN."—BY SIR A. MOR (1512—BEFORE 1582).



"LADY IMPEY."—BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788).



"THE FERRY BOAT."—BY SALOMON VAN RUISDAEL (BEGINNING OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY—1670).



"THE OUTSKIRTS OF A VILLAGE."—BY JAKOB VAN RUISDAEL (circa 1630-1682).

The pictures here illustrated are lots in an important auction-sale of Old Masters which will be held at Christie's on Friday, July 18 (as part of a three-day sale). In this sale are included certain works which are a part of the Scarsdale Heirlooms, under the wills of the late Lord Scarsdale of Kedleston and the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston. These are being sold by the present Viscount Scarsdale, with the consent of the Court, his lordship having found it necessary to dispose of art possessions inherited by him from the late Lord Curzon, in order that he may meet the claims of the death duties. Two of these particular works

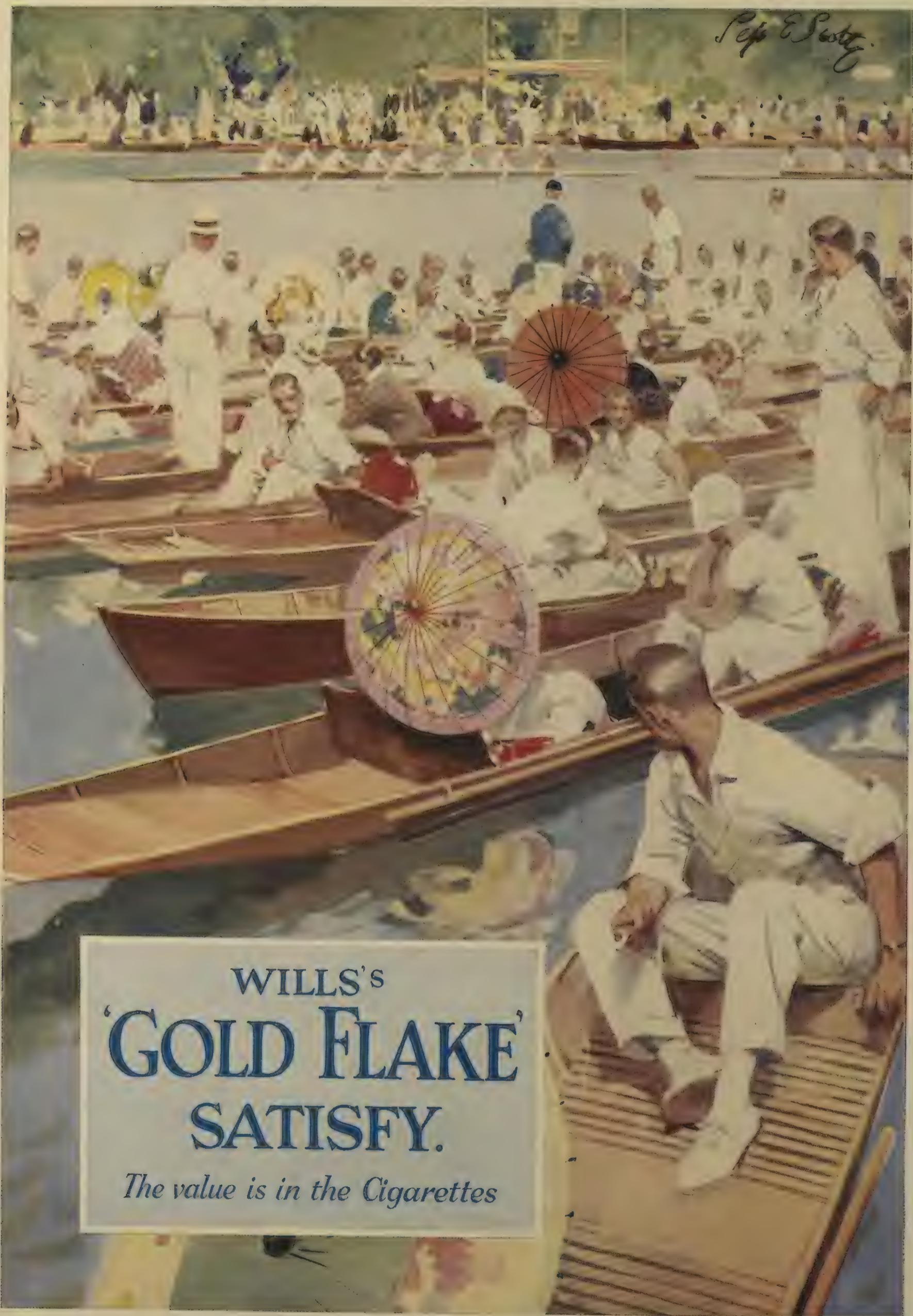
are illustrated on this page. They are the "Lady Dashwood and Child," by Reynolds, and the "Lady Impey," by Gainsborough. As to other lots in the sale, we give the following notes concerning some of those here reproduced. The "View of Dordrecht," by Jan van Goyen, comes from the collection of the late Earl of Balfour, and was at Whittingehame. It is signed, and is dated 1655. The other van Goyen—the "View of Antwerp, from the River"—is the property of Mr. George Wilbraham, and comes from Delamare House, Northwich, Cheshire. Also from the Wilbraham collection are the Antonio Mor and the Ruisdaels.



The whisky you drink . . . Is
it passable, or is it perfect? Is
it—just whisky? It should be

Haig WHISKY

no finer whisky goes into any bottle



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

JOHN GIELGUD'S "HAMLET."—"ENSEMBLE" AND "DESIGN."

IN one week London had the opportunity of seeing two Hamlets—as wide apart as the poles. The one the acme of technique and, to a certain extent, of artificiality—Moissi's; the other the spontaneous expression of juvenility and inspiration—the Hamlet of John Gielgud. In both characterisations there was an exotic touch. In Moissi's the suave vehemence of the Latin blood; in Gielgud's the wild transport of Slavonic descent—his was the perfect mixture of British deliberation and an eerie influence undoubtedly foreign. In fact, he was the nearest approach to the Prince of Denmark of our imagination—a poetic creature, rich in impulse, ready to love and to be loved, picturesque to behold, and courtly to a fault.

It soon appeared that Mr. Gielgud had a very definite conception of the part. In the scene with his father's ghost he seemed overwhelmed by the apparition; a debonair juvenile when he met it, he became as one in a trance when, on the ramparts, he learned the truth (or imagined the truth) of his tragedy. Thenceforward he strove for clearness, for the relief of his impressions; he began to doubt all around him; he became aware of the germ of duplicity that dogged his steps, starting with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, those lickspittle courtiers; aware of the cajolery of the Queen, his mother; shuddering at the false smile and the would-be protective air of the murderous King and the sycophantic smugness of Polonius. In all that Court there were but two persons whom he loved, whom he trusted. There was Ophelia, and on her he poured out all the love of which he was capable; and on Horatio, his brotherly friend unto death. When he found out that Ophelia betrayed him, was but a plaything of her father's, his fury was boundless; yet he loved her still, and never was a parting so tenderly reproachful, so woefully tragic as when he bade her to the convent. In his tone there was the bitter cry of an aching heart—not the petty disillusion of a common mortal. But anon he became relentless and revengeful; in the Players' scene he literally spat fire, and, when the Court had retired in horror, he overturned the royal throne in jubilant mockery. Then came the closet scene, and, though at first he wildly flouted his mother, his inherent love, his youthful sentimentality, overcame his hate and contempt—she was his mother, for all her sins—and he nestled at her bosom like a babe seeking refuge. But once more his ire overcame him; but for his woe at Ophelia's grave he was in open rebellion, and he persevered in that wild exultation until the "flights of angels" granted him eternal rest and appeasement.

I am not exaggerating if I call John Gielgud's Hamlet a great performance, and I say so deliberately, because I know that nature prepossessed us in his favour in every respect—in his mien, in his personality, in the grace of his demeanour, in the melodious timbre of his voice. But I would not call it a great performance unless I had been deeply impressed by the wonderful penetration of his conception; the profound study that he bestowed, not merely on the soliloquies, but on almost every line of the text, some of which shone in a new light in the illumination of his reading. Henry Ainley's Hamlet was a feast of oratory; John Gielgud's I would call a rhapsody of philosophical introspection. The text to him was not merely a vehicle, not "good quotations" lustrosely served up in relief. He saw almost in every line a deeper meaning—even the

"Words, words, words" gained a new aspect by the way of his ejaculations. "Words"—deeply underlined, slowly uttered—then "words, words," belched forth in contemptuous rapidity, as if to brand the futility of their empty sound. And so at every step the attempt at a new meaning, a delving at the inner

mad, showed there was studied method in his madness.

Thus this Hamlet of a very young actor, following upon his memorable creation of Richard II., warrants the promise—nay, the almost complete fulfilment—of a new histrionic force in our midst.

Let him who will find flaws in his armour. I am content to admit that John Gielgud's vitalisation of the great character gave me great and joyful satisfaction—such satisfaction as I derived from his most august predecessors in my memory—Irving, Forbes-Robertson, Robert Kainz, and Henry Ainley.

The International Season, thanks to the initiative and vision of Mr. C. B. Cochran and Mr. Maurice Browne, is full of rewards to the intelligent playgoer. The individual interpretations of Moissi and Mme. Ludmilla Pitoëff may or may not have been acceptable, and in their peculiar merits can be matched by equally distinguished readings by our own players. But when we have debated the relative values of Moissi's or John Gielgud's Hamlet, or Mme. Pitoëff's or Miss Thorndike's St. Joan, and elected to differ in our opinions, we all find one point where we are in unison. It is this which I think our London stage should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

It is this which makes this season artistically profitable, and it is this which has most impressed the playgoer who has watched these productions. I refer to the value of team-work, of ensemble, of unity, which makes the action all of a piece and creates that sense of balance which is so satisfying a feature.

This characteristic is common to both the German and the French Seasons, and is the common denominator of two otherwise entirely different productions. The methods by which the stage is governed are sharply distinct. There is a preciousness about M. Pitoëff's control that is as striking as it is insinuating. Particularly is this demonstrated in the use of the picture-frame for "La Dame aux Camélias"—a method that indicates, as it were, that the play is obsolete and should be considered as an old print. On the other hand, his imaginative use of the Gothic triptych in his production of "St. Jeanne" is in harmonious and expressive keeping with his un-Shavian conception, and makes a perfect setting for the mystical figure incarnated so beautifully by Mme. Pitoëff. There was a perverseness in the production of Moissi's "Hamlet" which turned the back of the King to us when the whole purpose of the Players' play was to catch his conscience. But in the Tolstoy, "The Living Corpse," the ingenuity and comprehension which made it possible to carry this episodic aggregation in one flowing action without dropping the curtain except for the interval, gave the drama its full significance. Yet, whatever the setting, or within whatever frame, the players moved with sureness, and successfully combined realism with design.

This sense of pattern and rhythm is not in itself enough, but, when it is united with intelligent interpretation of character made possible by careful casting, the result is eloquent indeed. It is this happy co-ordination of movement and unity of purpose, this feeling for rhythm and balance, this orchestration of the parts into one harmonious whole, which wins our admiration and which is our chief reward. It is this which London can learn as its chief lesson from the visit of our distinguished guests.



"LOVE WHEN THE CHERRY TREES ARE IN FLOWER": A CHARMING SCENE FROM ONE OF THE PLAYS IN THE REPERTORY OF THE JAPANESE PLAYERS WHO ARE GIVING A SEASON AT THE GLOBE. The Russian Ballet and its characteristics are familiar to us: now the national theatrical entertainment of the Japanese may be seen in London. On June 24, Mr. C. B. Cochran, in association with Mr. Maurice Browne, introduced to a London audience the Japanese company which has been acting in Paris (where they enjoyed a big success). A scene from "Love When the Cherry Trees are in Flower" is illustrated above, giving an idea of the magnificence of the costumes and the strange, almost hieratic quality of the acting.

significance of the poet's thought; as it were, the search for an undiscovered unit in the composition of the Prince's complex character; above all, the conveyance to his hearers that this Prince, if he was



A STAR OF THE FAMOUS JAPANESE COMPANY WHICH IS PERFORMING AT THE GLOBE: MISS KAZUYE UENO IN A GRACEFUL THEATRICAL POSTURE. "Love When the Cherry Trees are in Flower" is described as a lyric drama with dancing. The whole entertainment given by the Japanese company is in the nature of a revue, and comprises music and dancing, as well as dramatic sketches. "Hidden Providence" is a play on the themes of filial piety and knight-errantry, in which six Japanese fight with broadswords. Another play, "Crossing the Border," is a mediæval Japanese war drama.



I AM aware that the mere existence of faked pictures should make all honest men righteously indignant. It is a shame and a disgrace that rogues should seek to profit by imitating the work of a dead painter and foisting it upon an unsuspecting public. For my own part, I regret to admit that this disreputable business only amuses me. I am more intrigued by the cleverness of these rascals than horrified by their villainy—and my enjoyment is increased by the extraordinary circumstance that the victims are so often mere bargain-hunters whose knowledge of art is in inverse proportion to their self-advertised omniscience. It is delightful, for example, to hear a man explain how he bought a Raeburn at auction under the noses of the dealers for a mere £200, when it is quite obvious that the picture was painted at Brighton twenty years ago. It is just for this reason that the serious collector, as apart from the speculator, prefers to buy his pictures from a dealer of repute: he is sure of obtaining either an authentic example, or, if both he and his adviser have been deceived, of getting his money back.

The present volume* must be unique of its kind. The author has several books to his credit, notably a *Catalogue Raisonné* of the works of Van Gogh in four volumes. Here is a carefully reasoned and perfectly illustrated indictment of the spurious paintings that have appeared in recent years. It tells an extraordinary story of the genesis of his suspicions regarding a particular group of so-called Van Goghs; of the way in which he was able to establish his case; and it also gives details and comparisons not only of actually faked pictures, but of various canvases by unknown hands which, as the market price of genuine works soared, were given a spurious signature. Few will be bold enough to say, from the monochrome reproductions alone, that M. de la Faille's position is unassailable in every instance—so much inevitably depends upon colour—but it is quite safe to assert that the acuteness of his comments and his obvious good faith (he does not hesitate, for example, to condemn some of his own previous attributions) carry conviction.

The story of the actual fakes is in the best tradition of realist detective fiction. Here it is, much abbreviated from the author's French, but substantially in his own words. A Berlin art dealer named Otto Wacker had a fine collection of pictures, said to be by Van Gogh, which, according to him, had been obtained from a Russian living in Switzerland. This Russian was a refugee whose name could not be mentioned for fear of getting his relatives, still in Russia, into trouble with the Soviet Government. The story was odd, perhaps, but by no means incredible.



FIG. 2. A GENUINE SELF-PORTRAIT BY VAN GOGH (PAINTED FOR PAUL GAUGUIN), FROM WHICH THE "FAKER" COPIED CONTOURS.

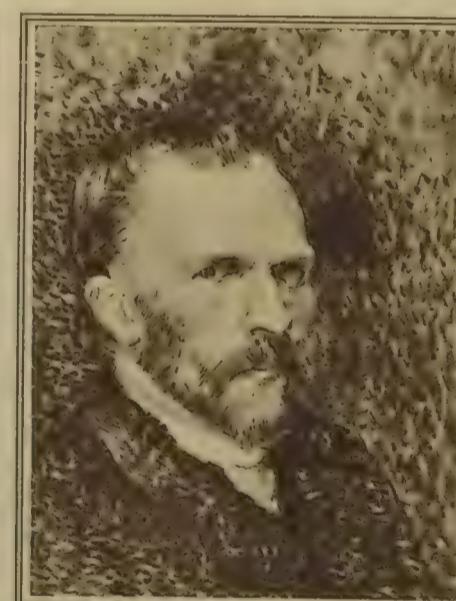


FIG. 3. A GENUINE SELF-PORTRAIT BY VAN GOGH, ON WHICH THE "FAKER" BASED HIS COMPOSITION.



FIG. 4. A GENUINE SELF-PORTRAIT BY VAN GOGH, WHICH PROVIDED THE "FAKER" WITH DETAIL OF COSTUME.

Describing this group of pictures, M. de la Faille says: "The 'faker' made this painting (Fig. 1) by borrowing in the first place the composition of the Van Gogh portrait shown in Fig. 3. He made use of the head turned three-quarters to the right; then he copied the contours of the Van Gogh portrait painted for Paul Gauguin (Fig. 2). Note the contours of the head. He followed exactly the right-hand line of the face. The expression of the eyes is the same, likewise the shape of the nose. Finally, he copied the costume of the Van Gogh picture seen in Fig. 4. He imitated also the brush-strokes in this dress, as well as those of the beard, moustache, hair, neck, cheeks, and forehead."

Reproduced from "Les Faux Van Gogh." By J.-B. de la Faille. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. G. Van Oest, Paris and Brussels.

Roulin six times, the "Arlésienne" four times, sunflowers seven times, and irises three times. In addition, when examined by itself, each of the Wacker pictures was very similar in colour and workmanship to the authentic and accepted and pedigreed paintings.

The author's *Catalogue Raisonné* appeared in December 1927; early in the following year he was asked to help in organising an important Van Gogh exhibition at Cassirer's, in Berlin, and it was only

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A MODERN PICTURE SCANDAL: THE VAN GOGH "FAKES."

By FRANK DAVIS.

The Wacker pictures were, apparently, never exposed for sale as a whole, but were shown separately, or at most in pairs, and were offered to collectors by many well-known Berlin dealers—who were, of course, acting in perfect good faith. These canvases were all of subjects already known to have been painted by Van Gogh. There was nothing suspicious in this, for the master had been very fond of repeating himself with slight variations. For example, he painted the postman

at this exhibition that he began to doubt the authenticity of certain canvases. These pictures, mixed up with the others, were out of tone. "Both colours and technique were discordant. The genuine pictures were harmonious, but suddenly this harmony was broken." He said nothing for a time, but quietly traced the history of those pictures "which were their own self-accusers": they all came without exception from the Wacker Gallery. At once he exploded a bombshell in the Berlin art world by publishing a supplement to his "Catalogue" in which he branded the whole group as false. Then—in the latter part of 1928—the police stepped in; and finally Wacker promised to go to Switzerland accompanied by Herr Meier Graefe, the well-known art critic, and a police-inspector. Up to the present this excursion in distinguished company has not been undertaken: instead, Herr Wacker went alone, and announced that he had met the Russian, "who was beginning to take an interest in the controversy."

In the meantime, the Berlin art dealers who handled these pictures have, with one exception, taken them back like honourable men and refunded the purchase price; while Herr Meier Graefe, who had originally considered them all as genuine, now maintains that all artists have their weak moments, and that the Wacker Van Goghs are of very poor quality.

Now Vincent Van Gogh, after leaving Paris in 1888, wrote many letters to his brother Theo in which he described his pictures, and, as he regularly sent him the canvases as they were finished, it is not easy for the would-be deceiver to paint new subjects belonging to the period of the artist's stay at Arles, Saint-Rémy, and Anvers. That is why the false pictures of these years represent known subjects. But we have very few letters of the years 1886-8, when Vincent was in Paris, so that it is a simple matter for the faker to give rein to his imagination. Up to the present the majority of the fakes are given to this Paris period, but the author is careful to point out that, on the whole, this group does not consist of canvases expressly painted to deceive—in other words, of deliberate fakes like those of the Wacker group—but of pictures by another hand superficially resembling genuine Van Goghs, which have been adorned with a false signature, "Vincent." Some of these are of very great artistic merit—only they are not by Van Gogh.

The author will no doubt forgive me if in this brief résumé of his argument I have omitted many points of interest: the minutiae of style at different periods of the painter's life, for example, are hardly suitable for discussion on this page even if space permitted. The reader will perhaps find food for thought in the illustrations opposite, which explain, as far as is possible without the original colours, the difference between what is admittedly genuine and what is false according to M. de la Faille. Finally, it is not possible to refrain from congratulating the author upon his courage in stirring up such a hornets' nest, and upon his skill in waging war with such deadly effect.

THE FALSE VAN GOCHS: "FAKES" COMPARED WITH GENUINE ORIGINALS.

REPRODUCED FROM "LES FAUX VAN GOGH." BY J.-B. DE LA FAILLE. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. G. VAN OEST, PARIS AND BRUSSELS. (SEE REVIEW ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



FIG. 1A. A "FAKED" COPY OF VAN GOGH'S PICTURE, "THE SOWER" (SHOWN IN FIG. 1B ADJOINING), WITH A SUNSET REPLACING THE ORIGINAL PLOUGHMAN.



FIG. 1B. A GENUINE VAN GOGH: HIS PICTURE, "THE SOWER," FROM WHICH THE "FAKE" SHOWN IN FIG. 1A (ADJOINING) WAS COPIED.



FIG. 2A. A "FAKED" COPY OF VAN GOGH'S PICTURE, "BOATS AT SAINTES-MARIES" (SHOWN IN FIG. 2B BELOW), DULL IN COLOUR AND FALSIFIED IN DESIGN.

WE illustrate here four "faked" Van Gogh's side by side with genuine originals, from M. de la Faille's book reviewed opposite. In his notes he writes: "The sower in Fig. 1A is a fairly exact copy of Fig. 1B. The soil is treated in a style still more monotonous, and the peasant guiding a two-horse plough (right background) is replaced by a sunset.—Happily, 'fakes' of the Arles period are not numerous. Yet it is incorrect to say that one had never seen any before the appearance of the Wacker group. Some already occur in the first edition of Th. Duret's book (e.g., 'A View of the Forum at Arles'). There is first of all a picture (Fig. 2A), 'Barques aux Saintes-Maries' (reproduced in J. Hartlaub's *Vincent van Gogh* and in *Cicerone*, August 1922), dull and light in colouring and false in drawing. It was a 'faked' copy of Fig. 2B.—A picture by Van Gogh (Fig. 3B)

exists, representing the same subject as the 'fake' (Fig. 3A), which was done from a drawing. The colouring is quite out of accord with Van Gogh's palette of the period.—The 'faker' of Fig. 4A never saw the two originals—one in a private collection in Paris, the other in that of the late M. G. Fayet at Igny. The former has never been exhibited since 1905, and the latter only once (Paris, 1925) since 1901. The 'faker' must therefore have based his work on reproductions. Although the originals were painted at Arles, after the dramatic events there, the 'fake' (Fig. 4A) recalls Van Gogh's Paris period. The robust solidity of line is entirely lacking. In the originals Vincent wears a green coat and a blue cap trimmed with very dark blue fur. The 'fake' (Fig. 4A) shows a brown-violet coat, with a blue-grey border and a black and brown cap; the background, in green streaks and hatchings, also recalling the Paris period." Wishing to give a Japanese touch to his background, as in one of the originals (not reproduced here), the "faker" used the background of another portrait of Van Gogh, in the collection of M. Maurice Denis.



FIG. 3A. A "FAKED" PICTURE REPRESENTING THE SAME SUBJECT AS THE GENUINE VAN GOGH SHOWN BELOW (FIG. 3B), AND UNLIKE HIS STYLE IN COLOURING.



FIG. 2B. A GENUINE VAN GOGH: HIS ORIGINAL PICTURE, "BOATS AT SAINTES-MARIES," FROM WHICH THE "FAKE" SHOWN ABOVE (FIG. 2A) WAS COPIED.



FIG. 3B. A GENUINE PAINTING BY VAN GOGH OF A SUBJECT REPRESENTED IN THE ABOVE "FAKE" (FIG. 3A), WHICH WAS BASED ON A DRAWING OF THE SAME SCENE.



FIG. 4A. A "FAKED" SELF-PORTRAIT OF VAN GOGH FROM A REPRODUCTION OF A GENUINE PICTURE (FIG. 4B).



FIG. 4B. A SELF-PORTRAIT BY VAN GOGH, ON A REPRODUCTION OF WHICH THE ADJOINING "FAKE" (FIG. 4A) WAS BASED.




THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

CONCERNING MAGNOLIAS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE Whitsun holidays brought me my first opportunity this year of revelling in the splendours of well and lovingly kept gardens. Each of those I was privileged to explore had a charm of its own, reflecting the personality of its presiding

will reply, in effect at any rate: "I do not question the accuracy of your information, but it leaves me quite cold. Let us talk of something else." But if, instead, one's attention is drawn to the problem of relationship of the more obvious peculiarities of the flower to the external world, a lively interest is at once aroused.

Let us take these magnolia flowers by way of illustration. I had never seen one before at close range. The first thing to arrest my attention was the strange fusiform shape of the pistil, which thrusts itself out far beyond the level of the circlet of beautifully-tinted, tentacle-like anthers. This is really only an exaggeration of a feature common to the Ranunculaceæ, and it may be seen in our common buttercup. Seen in section, this "receptacle," as it is called, forms a column of soft tissue in which the carpels are embedded. In the living flower these look something like attenuated orangepips, arranged close together in a spiral. But what agencies have brought about

this strange development? On this head little can be said at present, for we may be quite sure the conditions imposed by the external world on the living tissues have played an important part. What that part is must be sought for by a careful and patient study of the tree in its native wilds, or even in our gardens.

One factor, assuredly, is the nature of its insect visitors. What these may be in the wild tree we do not know. Since, however, the flowers are commonly white, and very fragrant, we may assume that they are fertilised by moths. These, however, are not its only insect visitors, for there are several species of small beetles and bees which use the flowers as hotels for the night, finding shelter from enemies as well as warmth, for the temperature inside the closed flower is often considerably higher than that

special fondness for the flowers of *Magnolia grandiflora*. They usually force themselves into the opening buds, and take their fill of nectar exuded from the stigma. Later, they feast upon the pollen. During the mid-day they lie still and enjoy the warmth. Not, indeed, until the petals fall off do they take their departure.

Many other flowers, like Canterbury bells and foxgloves, are eagerly sought after as shelters for the night, especially when the temperature is low, by beetles, flies, and small bees, but they take their departure in the morning. The visits of these insects are of considerable advantage to the flowers, since they act as distributors of the pollen; and so it has come about that many flowers have come to advertise their whereabouts by diffusing scents, some of peculiar fragrance and far-reaching qualities.

The scents of magnolias—for they vary greatly



FIG. 1. WITH WHITE PETALS TO ATTRACT THE NIGHT-FLYING MOTHS THAT FERTILISE THE FLOWERS: *MAGNOLIA PARVIFLORA*, FROM KOREA.

The petals are creamy-white, the coronet of anthers crimson-lake, while the carpels rising above them are a pale-green. This is one of the two parents of *M. watsonii* (Fig. 3).

deity. But the last to be visited on my tour has, I think, impressed me most, for it may be described as a garden of trees—ever, to my thinking, the most restful and most fascinating of all gardens. Here were trees brought together from the four continents, as well as from the Americas. They had been distributed with such consummate skill that they produced the effect of being not merely native to the soil, but of having planted themselves; nor were the great banks of rhododendrons and azaleas, many of species to be found in no other garden, any less skilfully distributed to produce a harmonious effect.

Some may already guess that I speak of the garden of my old friend J. E. Millais, for he is one of the greatest living authorities (if not the greatest) on flowering trees and shrubs, especially rhododendrons. Among these trees were some superb magnolias, and it is of these I wish particularly to speak. The great size and beauty of their flowers is a perennial source of wonder, while the fragrance they diffuse is, under a blue sky, curiously exhilarating. Hitherto I have had to admire these flowers with longing eyes, as things too sacred to be touched. But to-day, knowing how greatly the gift would be appreciated, three were cut for me! One (*Magnolia hypoleuca*) (Fig. 2) came from a great tree which is a native of Yezzo, Japan; the other (*M. parviflora*) (Fig. 1) came from Korea; while the third (*M. watsonii*) (Fig. 3) was a hybrid between these two, and is of unknown origin as to its provenance. For long it was supposed to be a Chinese species—pure-bred.

Each of these great blooms differs from the other, though all, of course, agree in their essential structural characters. This aspect of structure, even among gardeners, is all too commonly ignored. Indeed, to regard them as purely "botanical specimens" seems out of harmony with objects of such rare beauty. Yet one may do this thing and live, spiritually, if one discards the botanist's strictly scientific analysis. When he tells you that the flowers "are invested by a spathoid tract, and the stipules are connate," you



FIG. 2. A NOCTURNAL HOSTEL FOR INSECTS, WHICH SHELTER IN ITS CONVEX, HEAT-RETAINING LEAVES: *MAGNOLIA HYPOLEUCA*, FROM YEZZO, JAPAN.

This is a larger flower than *M. parviflora*, with yellow anthers. *Magnolia watsonii* (Fig. 3) is a hybrid between this species and *M. parviflora*.

with different species, both in kind and intensity—belong, according to the bio-chemist, to the group produced from ethereal oils, destitute of oxygen, known as "Terpenoids." But, be this as it may, they tempt one to sniff, and sniff again, out of pure enjoyment. Of the three flowers which form the subject of this essay, the hybrid (*M. watsonii*) (Fig. 3) exhaled the strongest odour, which reminded me of pineapple. The other two had a fragrance too subtle for description, but curiously pleasing. In this hybrid, too, the pistil was larger than in either of the parent species, and hence, probably, the secret of its stronger scent. It is worth noting that, while magnolia flowers are very much alike, yet they show conspicuous differences in the scents they exhale. The qualities of this fragrance, again, are difficult to estimate and describe, inasmuch as there are some people who have a delicately sensitive sense of smell, while others are moved by nothing less than an onion or garlic! And there is yet another pitfall—some flowers emit two very different odours at different times of the day.

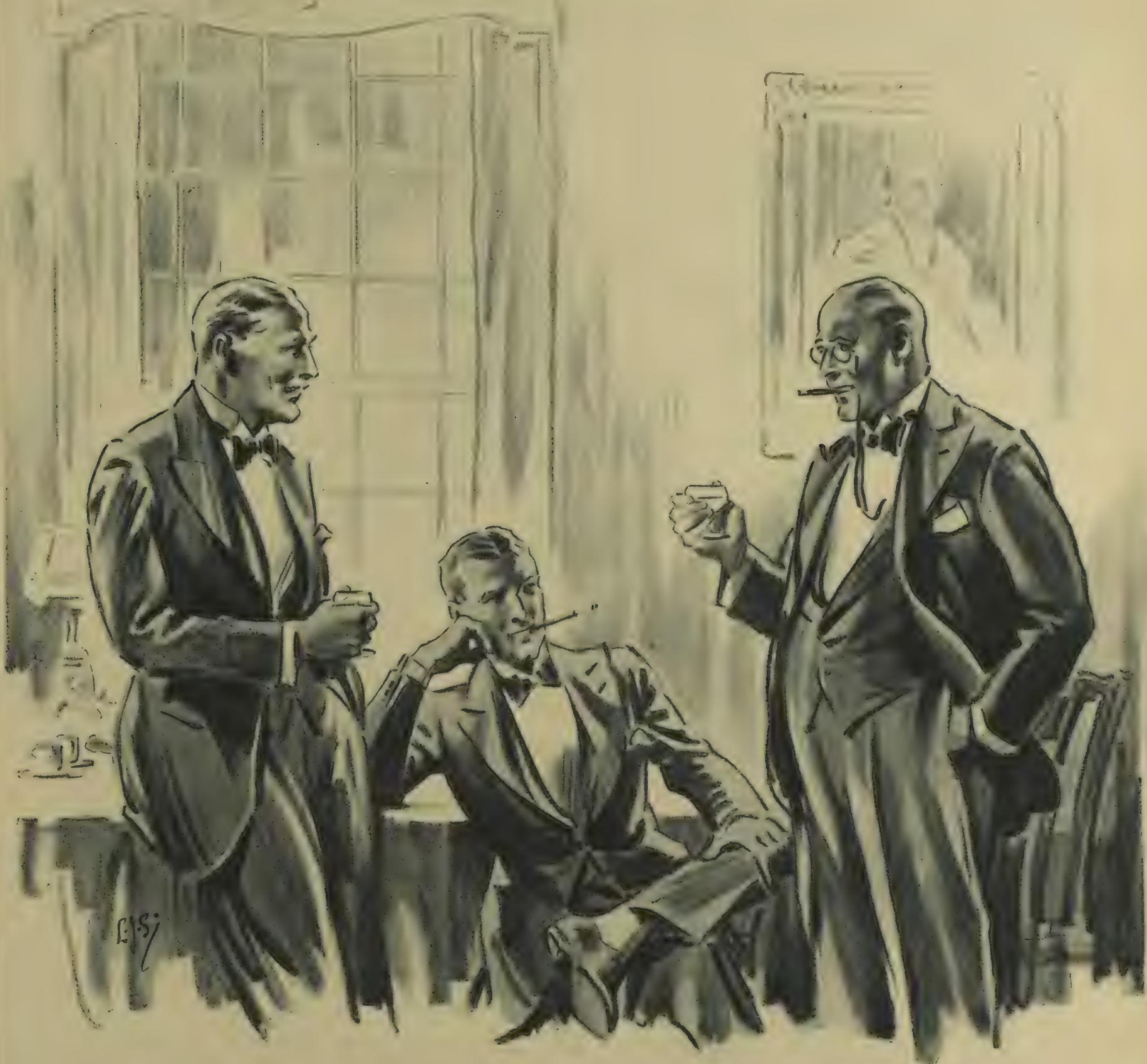
Finally, a word as to the size of these flowers. The largest of all are those of *Magnolia campbelli*, of Sikkim, in the Himalayas, which have a diameter of between ten and eleven inches—the largest flower produced by any tree. And this, be it noted, is red, not white, showing that it depends upon day-flying insects for its pollen-bearers instead of the ghostly moths, which demand a white beacon. The flower of *M. hypoleuca* (Fig. 2) was just under five inches across—just half that of the Himalayan species. Though white flowers may perhaps be said to be the rule with magnolias, there are many exceptions; some are white and purple, some yellow, some rosy-crimson. The North American cucumber-tree, which grows to a height of sixty feet, has green and yellow flowers.



FIG. 3. A FLOWER THAT EXHALES A STRONG SCENT, REMINISCENT OF PINEAPPLE: *MAGNOLIA WATSONII*.

This is the hybrid described in the text. Whence it came is unknown, but it was for a long time regarded as a true species from China. The pistil is larger than in either of the two parent species, and the fragrance of the flower much greater.

outside. Beetles of the genera *Anthobium*, *Dasytes*, and *Meligethes* will stay as long as three days. So also will the rose-chafers (*Cetonia*), which have a



The Young 'un : "Hullo! you've put some life in the wine committee. Here's a really good liqueur brandy at last."

The Old Stager : "Glad to see that at least one of you young men know a good thing when you taste it. This is Martell's Cordon Bleu. Carefully selected from the best that's made and then kept for 35 years in wood."

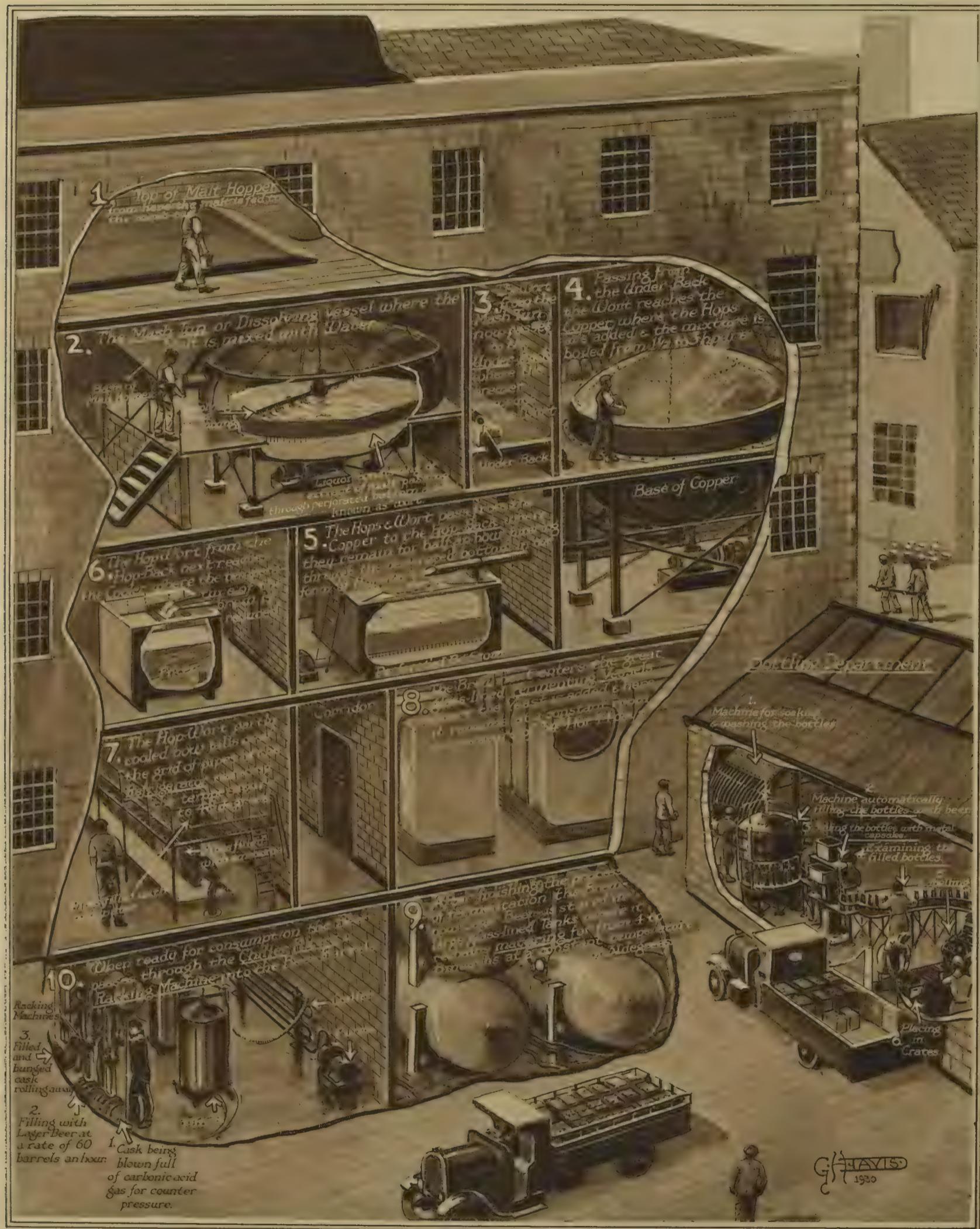
The Guest : "Its bouquet and flavour certainly show breeding and maturity."

The Old Stager : "That's it! Age and Quality, you know."

MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU

A BEER NAMED FROM ITS LONG MATURING: LAGER (OR "STORAGE").

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM SKETCHES MADE AT THE BREWERY OF MESSRS. BARCLAY PERKINS AND CO., LTD., LONDON.

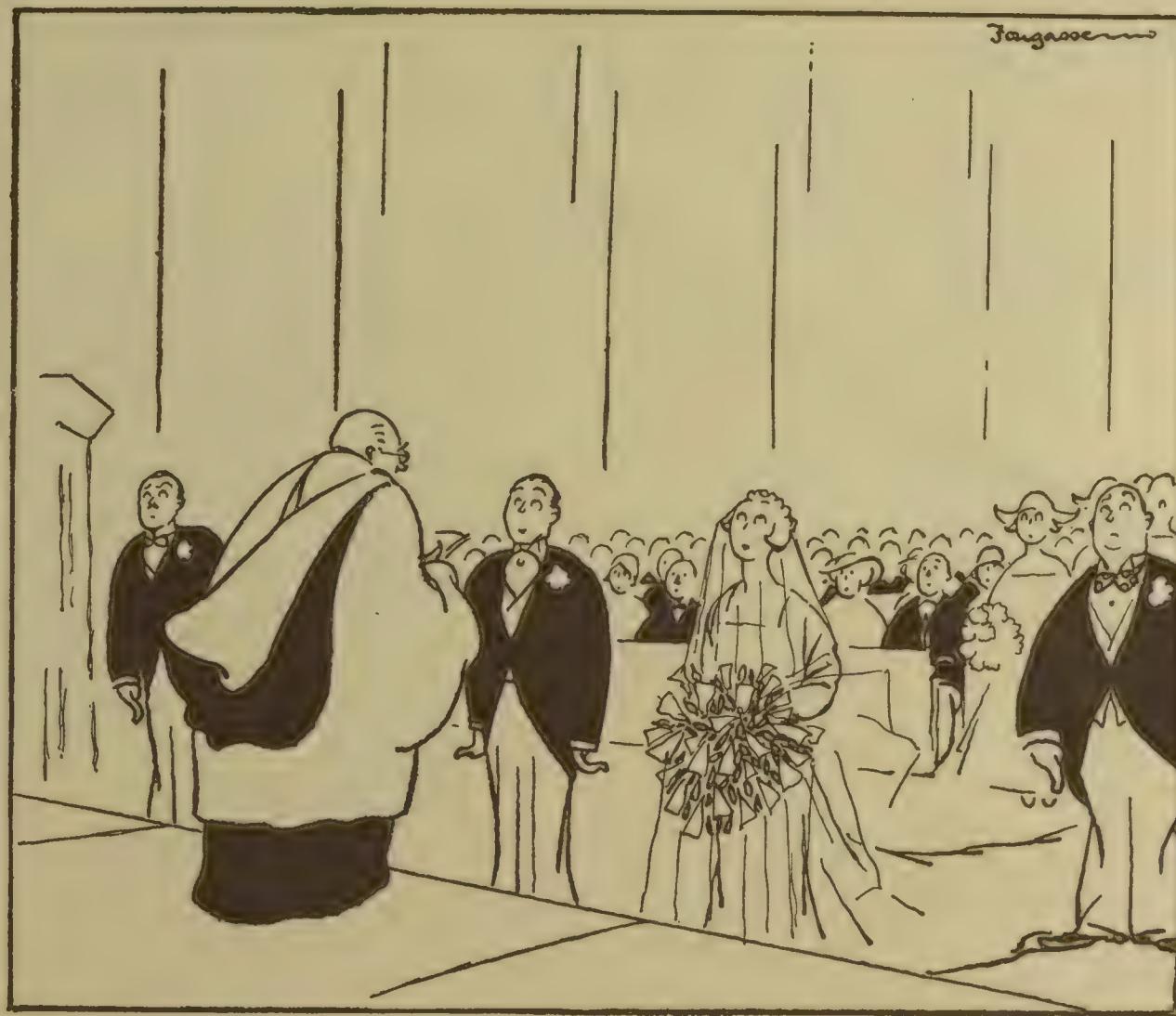


HOW "LAGER" IS BREWED: BEER MADE WITH YEAST THAT SINKS, INSTEAD OF RISING, AFTER FERMENTATION.

That very popular type of light beer generally called Lager is a favourite alcoholic beverage practically all over the world. Among the hundreds of different kinds of brews it holds a high place in popular esteem, both in the beer-drinking countries and in the Latin world. In English beer (other than lager), a kind of yeast is used that comes to the top after fermentation, whereas in lager the yeast settles to the bottom of the fermenting-vessels. That is the difference between the two. Lager, it is claimed, was brewed by the ancient Egyptians, but, of course, its real birthplace, as we know it to-day, was Germany, whose methods of brewing have been copied all over the world. Beer has played a very important part in the political history of many countries, and only recently the extra taxation of lager led to a political crisis in Bavaria. Lager

differs from other beers inasmuch as the maturing period is much longer, for, whereas the type of beer most "native" to England remains in the cellars for one week only in many cases, and three weeks at the most, lager remains maturing from four to six months, which, it is claimed, tends to make it highly digestible. This lengthy conditioning or maturing period during manufacture gave the beer its name, for "lager" is the German word for "storage." In Messrs. Barclay Perkins and Co.'s brewery the brew remains untouched by hand throughout each process, and everywhere scrupulous cleanliness is observed. Even the yeast used for fermentation is cultivated from the original cell in a wonderful machine, so that the yeast that goes into the fermenting-vessels is absolutely pure and free from disease.

MOMENTS OF MISERY



"NO SMOKING - NOT EVEN ABDULLAS"

THE WEDDING.

Dear old "Lohengrin,"
 The "voice that breathed"
 The clear sweetness of the trebles soaring up to the roof exactly
 one semitone flat,
 The hat that gets kicked under the seat,
 The friends of bride and bridegroom on either side of the aisle,
 mutually appraising,
 The ill-chosen address,
 The lost ring,
 The lack of tact over signing the register,
 The heat,
 The squash,

AND

WORST OF ALL - NO ABDULLAS!

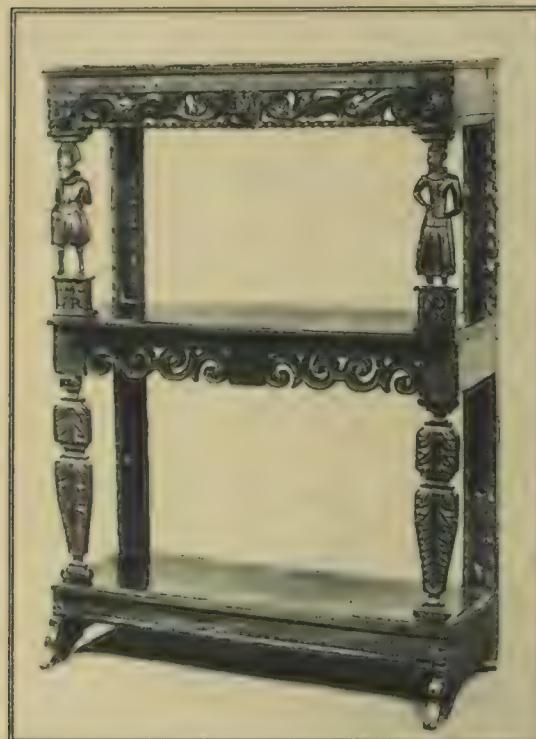
VIRGINIA

TURKISH

EGYPTIAN

A BOND STREET ANTIQUE EXHIBITION.

A SPECIALLY arranged exhibition at any of the big London dealers' galleries is an event to be approached with pleasurable anticipation. One can be reasonably sure that it will be well staged, not



A PIECE OF MUCH CHARM WHICH IS NOW ON SHOW:
AN OAK BUFFET OF THE TIME OF CHARLES I.
This very interesting buffet is three feet ten-and-a-half inches high.
Its date is 1625.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Mallett and Son, 40, New Bond Street.

overcrowded, and remarkable not merely for the rarity of the objects on view, but for their high quality. The current show at Messrs. Mallett and Son's place at 40, New Bond Street is a notable proof of the taste and resources of this old-established house. The entrance fee of a shilling goes to the National Art-

Collections Fund, and an admirably succinct illustrated catalogue furnishes the necessary details with a minimum of fuss.

In the very brief survey which is all that space will admit, mention must first be made of the charming little oak buffet illustrated herewith. It is, no doubt, a country-made piece, delightfully naive and well proportioned, and the excellent unknown craftsman who carried it out had not yet lost touch with the Gothic feeling of earlier centuries. The upper pair of supports are carved with figures of a man in trunk hose and a woman holding a Bible. It is dated 1625; 3 ft. 10 in. in height. A beautiful Renaissance French cabinet in walnut—about 1570—is notable for its lovely colour, and carvings in almost full relief. In the same room is a pair of andirons—middle seventeenth century—beautifully moulded in an elaborate design of mounted soldiers in the costume of the Civil Wars. The ground-work is of dark blue and white enamel.

The chairs of various periods are of very fine quality. Not everyone admires Chippendale's more tortuous mannerisms—their very technical perfection is inclined to be irritating—but it is impossible to resist spending more than one's allotted time before No. 88, two ribbon-back chairs which once belonged to the Liddell family. These are of superb craftsmanship. The backs—their main beauty—are light and delicate, yet strong, and are constructed of two layers of wood. Behind is a layer of which the grain runs vertically; in front is a facing the grain of which is horizontal. It is this device which has given them the strength to withstand the use of more than 150 years, with, we are assured, practically no repair. The next exhibit (89), a set of six, will perhaps give the average visitor more pleasure, even if they astonish him less. The design is of extraordinary refinement and grace, and the colour incomparable. Another fine piece of craftsmanship from earlier in the century is to be seen in the George II. writing-table from Rokeby Castle, in Yorkshire (whence came the famous Rokeby Venus, by Velasquez). This is a superb

example of the sumptuous style of decoration associated with the name of William Kent, and has been illustrated in several important publications. It is roughly octagonal, and all the carvings are gilded. Two similar commodes are also in this exhibition—and all three pieces were made specially for the great saloon which occupies the whole of the centre of the house.

A cabinet of Chinese porcelain, mainly K'hang-lui, must not be missed; while the centre of one room is occupied by two cases of old silver. This in itself should be sufficient to justify the exhibition. Special note should be taken of a very rare piece—a Commonwealth porringer and cover of 1659. This is unusually large, and of exceptionally fine proportions. With it goes a plain circular spice-box which fits on to the flange of the cover. Another notable silver exhibit is a pair of James I. candlesticks from the late Lord Swaythling's collection. These are the earliest-recorded candlesticks with English hall-marks. The



FROM ROKEBY CASTLE, WHENCE CAME THE ROKEBY VENUS:
A GEORGE II. WRITING-TABLE (c. 1730).

By Courtesy of Messrs. Mallett and Son, 40, New Bond Street.

nozzles are supported by a triple wire, which, in turn, rests on a triangular base having three domed turrets as feet. There are in all 277 items in the catalogue.

A FORTNIGHT IN THE 16TH CENTURY

It is only Two Days Away

Why, there's a girl who might have stepped out of the 16th century! Billowing skirt, gaily striped apron, tight black bodice, dainty striped wimple, bright silk kerchief—what a picture! There's another, with a baby slung to her back! And another! This must be weeks from England. But no—it's no further than Dalecarlia, the heart of Sweden, two days away!

They still dress like that in Dalecarlia. In their spotless wooden farmhouses you may still see the rare old Biblical wall paintings; you may still hear the whirr of the shuttle and watch the housewife deftly weaving her cloth. You can read by electric light and call up London by telephone, but the moment you lift your eyes or set down the receiver, you are back again in the days of folk songs and dances, of handcrafts and mediæval customs.



Why not go back a few centuries this summer to this land of lakes and sunshine, forest and mountain, where everything is so old that it has become refreshingly new? Within easy reach is Stockholm, the fairest capital in Europe, with its great Exhibition of Swedish Industrial and Decorative Arts and Crafts from May to September; Visby, the city of ruins and roses; primitive Lapland, lighted by the mysterious Midnight Sun; and the marvellous scenic pageant of the 350 mile Göta Canal. They are all within the bounds of this one wonderful holiday.

*
For free, copiously illustrated booklets and full information write to the Swedish Travel Bureau, 215, Coventry Street, London, W.1, The British and Northern Shipping Agency, 5, Lloyd's Avenue, E.C.3, or any of the leading tourist agencies.

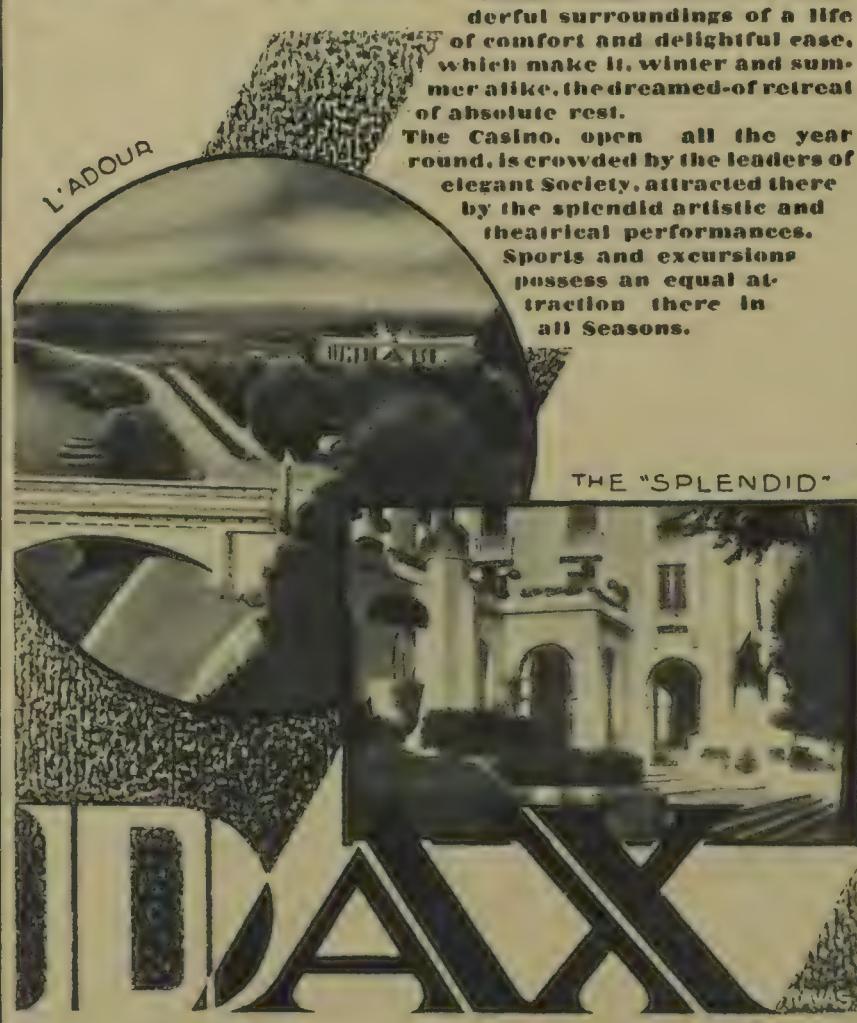
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In addition to the beneficial virtues of its cure, Dax offers its guests the soft warmth of its exceptional climate, and the wonderful surroundings of a life of comfort and delightful ease, which make it, winter and summer alike, the dreamed-of retreat of absolute rest.

The Casino, open all the year round, is crowded by the leaders of elegant Society, attracted there by the splendid artistic and theatrical performances.

Sports and excursions possess an equal attraction there in all seasons.



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By Appointment to H.M. the King.

Fines^t Chinese Art



Carved red lacquer vase decorated with two panels of children in a landscape set amidst bats flying in clouds.
 Height, 14½ ins. One of a pair. Kien-Lung, 1736-1795.

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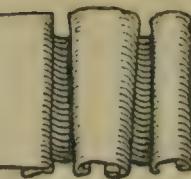
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.



MOTOR vehicles to-day are so varied in character that I must not omit from these chronicles of cars the new all-British Merryweather Turntable Fire Escape with Hatfield pump that has recently been delivered to the Margate fire-brigade. The petrol-using engine of four cylinders develops 70 brake-horse-power, has dual ignition, and the Merryweather-Albion chassis is particularly sturdy. It needs to be, as motor fire-engines to-day travel as fast as our sports cars when let all out. The fire-ladder is constituted in four sections to reach a height of 85 feet. The turntable is arranged to rotate the ladder, with gear for raising it to a vertical position operated by spur-wheels from the driving-shaft of the motor. The slewing gear for revolving the turntable is controlled by a hand lever moved in the desired direction of rotation. It is a complete unit in every respect, as, besides the fire-pump, which delivers 275 gallons of water per minute at 120-lb. pressure per square inch, the turntable ladder is also provided with a double-swivelling water-tower nozzle, life-saving apparatus, and life-line and belt.

There is no hotel or house in Margate that this ladder cannot top, so the residents and visitors to that popular seaside resort can rest comfortably in their beds in the loftiest rooms in safety. Merryweathers always make a first-class job, and this new fire-fighter has speed and efficiency in the highest degree.

A Million-Pound Export Scheme.

Whatever critics of British-built motors may have to say, there is no gainsaying that our motor fire-engines, our commercial goods

and passenger motor-vehicles, have no superiors in the world. Last year, according to Mr. J. H. Thomas,

Bruce, the former Premier of Australia, owns a Humber-Snipe, and he says that "this is definitely the car for the overseas motorist. Go on producing a car like this, and you will have the world's markets at your feet." Very nice praise

but only in 6 per cent. of the motor accidents. There are 34,876,837 motor-vehicles of all kinds in the world, of which 76 per cent. run in the United States. Australia has 581,310, or one vehicle to every 10 persons; while England (excluding Scotland and Wales) has 1,242,839, or one vehicle to every 30 persons; as compared with 26,501,443 in the U.S.A., or one motor to 4.6 inhabitants. Canada has one motor-vehicle to every eight of its population, and a total of 1,168,188 motors.

Another interesting fact chronicled in this official American publication is that there are forty-six motor-manufacturing plants in the U.S.A., and forty-two assembling plants there as well. Added to these are no fewer than sixty-six American assembling plants in foreign countries—ten each in Australia and Canada; six in England; five in Germany; four each in Belgium and Brazil; two each in the Argentine, Denmark, India, Japan, South Africa, Sweden, and Uruguay; and one each in Chile, Cuba, Egypt, Finland, France, Holland, Italy, Java, Mexico, New Zealand, Peru, Poland, and Spain. No wonder the total percentage of American-made cars is high, as the output of these plants ranks as U.S.A. cars in that country's production figures. Wonderful things figures can tell us!

Fit Anti-Dazzle Lamp Dippers.

Motorists in the United Kingdom will have to see that their cars and motor-vehicles are provided

with dipping lights for their head-lamps, in order to escape from the clutches of the police traffic-officers. At the moment they can dazzle as much as they like, and there is no law to stop them except when they wilfully do damage thereby. Soon, however, the Ministry of Transport will issue an Order to prevent dazzle, with due pains and



A SIX-CYLINDER RILEY IN A PICTURESQUE SETTING: A NEW STELVIO II. FABRIC SALOON PHOTOGRAPHED AT AN OLD GATEWAY IN WARWICKSHIRE.

indeed, and we must all hope that future facts will prove the truth of his prophecy.

Facts and Figures of the Automobile Industry.

Each year the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce of New York City issue their useful statistical account of the automobile industry in convenient pamphlet form. The 1930 edition is now to hand in regard to the automobile production of 1929. Naturally these "Facts and Figures"—its title—deal mostly with the U.S.A. and Canadian production, but the

whole world is covered in its interesting pages. Thus it states that 7,800,000 miles of highways exist in the world to-day; also that there is one car to



PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A 27-H.P. WILLYS KNIGHT: MR. G. M. ANDERSON, THE PRODUCER OF "THE KING OF JAZZ."

Secretary of the Dominions (in a speech at the Humber factory recently), the world production of cars was six million, of which Great Britain contributed only 211,000. The Dominions and Colonies took 600,000; but 85 per cent. of these were American, and of the remaining 15 per cent. not all were British. After congratulating the Humber and Hillman directors and employees on their vast work of re-organisation which is now approaching completion, Mr. Thomas said: "I am much impressed with what I have seen at the Humber works, both in the Humber and Hillman cars and the shops themselves. There is no industry that offers such great opportunities for employment. I congratulate this firm on its foresight, and on the progress made towards reduced costs and increased production, which alone are the foundation of permanent prosperity."

Humber and Hillman cars are exported through Messrs. Rootes' million-pound scheme for establishing service stations throughout the world. This should largely help to increase their output and "dig into" the American car trade which the war largely helped the U.S. to gain with our Dominions and Colonies. Mr. S. M.



A FAMOUS ACTOR RECENTLY KNIGHTED, AND HIS MARMON "STRAIGHT EIGHT": SIR HENRY LYTTON, OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN FAME, LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER THE INVESTITURE.

penalties if disobeyed. In fact, the Ministry has asked our R.A.C. to prepare a memorandum on the question of dazzle from motor-vehicle lamps, and the best method or methods of prevention. Briefly put, the Royal Automobile Club Technical Committee says: "Dip the beam and swing it to the near side when dipped. Do this, and do not use too high-powered bulbs in the side and tail lamps or in the spot-light; and at the moment these are the best precautions to prevent dazzle." Such advice to the Government Department concerned will have the support of the motoring community. So those whose lamps neither dip themselves nor dip their beams by moving the reflector had better see about having the lights altered. I have just paid £3 for this change on my Daimler. But my lamps happened to be easy to convert; so, although in some cases this will cost less, other lamps may need changing altogether and thus add to this cost. But anti-dazzle devices will soon be compulsory; therefore waste

no time, or else you may have to wait your turn and not be able to use the car at night until the "dippers" have been fitted. In any case, most of the



A "SPEED SIX" FITTED WITH A RACING BODY OF EXCEPTIONAL BEAUTY: CAPTAIN WOOLF BARNATO, OF RACING FAME, WITH HIS BENTLEY.

5.3 persons in the U.S.A., and one motor commercial vehicle (truck, as they call it) to 36.2 persons. Women are 24.3 per cent. of the total number of their drivers,

[Continued overleaf]

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FOR THE CAR: Motorists can obtain Schweppes Ginger Ale (also Tonic Water and Lemonade) in convenient cartons containing 3 large bottles or 6 small bottles, complete with Crown cork-opener.



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Buick, Daimler,
Morris (except
6-cylinder models),
Sunbeam, etc.

Continued:

new models are already supplied with dipping headlights, and old cars requiring this fitment will be more up-to-date when they get it. "Safety First" demands dipping, instead of dazzling the oncomer on the road.

Minerva Motor ; Latest Carriage. That excellent example of a lady's silent carriage, the Minerva Motor, 40-h.p. Minerva, is a good specimen of high-class workmanship and design at a much lower price than its rivals of similar rating. An eight-cylinder sleeve-valve engine pulls the magnificent coachwork as smoothly as a canoe floats down a gentle stream. Yet a touch on the accelerator pedal, and the pace increases on top gear from a Piccadilly crawl to 90 miles an hour without a trace of engine vibration or noise, so silent is its running. This 40-h.p. Minerva enclosed-drive limousine costs £1875, and gives complete comfort in its easy transport. This is attained by the well-balanced chassis, plus a patent stabilising device making skidding almost impossible—practically impossible, anyway—even when whispering along at maximum speed. "Whispering along" really expresses the gentle murmur, or siss-siss, of the air rushing into the intake of the carburettor, which is the only sound heard. And very rightly so: when one pays £1875 for a nice carriage one expects it to be noiseless. You gain your desire with this Minerva "forty": it is a first-class carriage.

England Wins Le Mans Race. After a severe struggle with the Mercédès driven by Caracciola and Werner, the Bentleys again won the twenty-four-hours' endurance race at Le Mans, for the fourth year in succession. Captain Woolf Barnato and Lieut.-Com. Glen Kidston, driving one of the "speed six" cylinder Bentleys, covered the greatest distance in the twenty-four hours of 2930 kilometres 668 metres, equal to a speed of 76 miles an hour, thus winning the Grand Prix d'Endurance Trophy. Moreover, again another Bentley finished second—last year they were first, second, third, and fourth—as Mr. R. Watney and F. C. Clement finished only 100 kilometres behind Barnato and Kidston on the other Bentley "speed six." It was a glorious victory for England, and the laurels did not end with this win, as Mr. Brian Lewis and Mr. H. S. Easton, driving the new 17-h.p. Talbot six-cylinder (2276 c.c.), was third, and declared the winner of the preliminary race for the seventh Rudge-Whitworth Cup. The Bentley won the sixth biennial Rudge-Whitworth Cup on this occasion, for which Sunday's race was the final, or second year's contest.

It is always a bit confusing to realise that you are seeing two races being run off at one and the same time in this annual twenty-four-hours' race. Last Sunday's event was the final for the sixth cup and the preliminary for the seventh, to see who should be allowed to run next year. The race itself was a keen contest between the seventeen cars that started. Captain "Tim" Birkin, on the 4½-litre four-cylinder supercharged Bentley, made the pace so hot that laps were being done in new record speeds of 90 miles an hour.

Fine Team Work Pays. As pacemaker, Birkin's Bentley could not be expected to win; driving at this sprinting speed for twenty-four

hours, yet, but for a burst tyre, and having to drive a lap nearly (ten miles) on the rim of the wheel, after leading the Mercédès, Captain Birkin's record lap in this hot chase was 144.352 kilometres per hour, as against the Mercédès lapping at 132 kilometres per hour. This cracked up the Mercédès, as when Birkin retired, after having done his part of the team work, Barnato and Kidston took the lead at the end of the first six hours, and held it to the finish. But the Germans had to retire soon after ten hours had passed. Then the English team slowed down, and the two Talbots overtook the Alfa Romeos, so made the first four places safe for England. There were unfortunately some mishaps, although not serious ones. The Bentley driven by Davis and Clive Dunfee skidded deeply into a sandbank and damaged the axle, so it had eventually to retire. Dr. Benjafield's Bentley broke an oil-pipe after 143 laps of this 10.17 miles course, so he and his partner, Jack Dunfee, retired, knowing victory was safe, and that mending oil-pipes is too long a job when time is short.

Last year one of the Stutz cars caught fire and eventually had to retire. This year the same cause made one Stutz abandon the race. Earl Howe and Captain L. G. Callingham finished fifth on their Alfa Romeo two-litre supercharged car, so they will be able to take part in the final for the seventh biennial Rudge-Whitworth Cup next year on this Sarthe Circuit. The Bugatti driven by the two French women drivers, Mme. Mareuse and Mme. Siko, also finished the twenty-four hours of the race; they received a great ovation as being the first women drivers to compete in this event. The M.G. Midgets also had an adventure, as one of these ran off the road and charged a tent in which some soldiers were sleeping before taking their turn in guarding the roadway. Fortunately, no one was hurt. Also the M.G. Midgets did quite well for their first attempt in this most trying of all international motor races.

It is because this race is so difficult to win, or even finish, that its victory brings so much credit to the country building the winning car, and such well-deserved praise for the intrepid drivers. England can indeed be proud of her sons. Birkin has created a new lap record for the course; Barnato and Kidston have created a new record speed for this twenty-four-hours' race of 76 miles an hour; and an English car, the Bentley, has again proved its worth for the fourth year in succession. No other make of car in the world has done such a feat. Also another British car, the Talbot, has put up the best performance for the seventh biennial race, and was driven by two amateurs, as was also the Bentley. Thus England has truly kept her end up in notable motoring achievements.

A booklet describing the new Canadian Pacific liner, the *Empress of Britain*—which was recently launched by the Prince of Wales—has been issued, and copies may be obtained on application to the Canadian Pacific, 62-65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1. The *Empress of Britain*, a magnificent vessel of 42,500 tons, will be the largest ship to ply between any two ports of the British Empire.

When illustrating (in our last issue) the new interceptor and bomber aeroplanes to be seen at the Royal Air Force Display at Hendon to-day (June 28), we inadvertently omitted to mention that Rolls-Royce engines are fitted in two of the chief "interceptors"—the Fairey "Firefly" and the Hawker "Hornet"—as well as in the Hawker "Hart," a new type of day bomber. The efficiency of the Rolls-Royce aero-engine, it may be recalled, was also demonstrated last year by the winning machine in the Schneider Trophy contest.



Alan MacNab locc.

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THE ART OF THE MODERN JEWELLER.

FEW people realise that the most costly jewels—those huge flexible brooches, necklaces, and bracelets of countless diamonds and precious stones—are made entirely by hand. Each tiny stone, so minute that it must be picked up by a delicate instrument, has its hole pierced in the platinum by a special hand file. A most interesting light on the expert craftsmanship of the modern jeweller is gained by a visit to the large work-rooms hidden away above the well-known show-rooms of Cartier, in New Bond Street and Albemarle Street. There, entirely in that small circumference, is designed, carried out, and sold some of the finest jewellery in the world.

The first stage is a suggested design, as carefully scaled as an architect's plan, which is sent up to the authorities for approval. If it is passed, it goes on to the "stone department," where there are thousands—perhaps millions would be more accurate—of precious stones, all classified in sizes and categories. The design is then



WHERE SOME OF THE WORLD'S FINEST JEWELLERY IS ON VIEW:
THE NEW BOND STREET SALON OF CARTIER'S, ABOVE WHICH ARE
THE WORK-ROOMS WHERE THE ACTUAL JEWELS ARE MADE.

set in wax and the chosen stones stuck in loosely in their appointed places. The next stage, requiring the highest possible care and workmanship, is in the mount-making department, where the raw platinum is transformed into solid pieces the desired size, on which the design is then made by piercing the tiny holes for each stone, according to the wax "dummy."

The photographs on this page show the mount-making department at Cartier's, and one of the craftsmen working on part of a magnificent bracelet, which is made in separate pieces. The finished mount then goes up to another department to be polished, and then on again to where the stones are actually set. There are many different types of setting, but the oldest of them, of which there are several examples in the British Museum hundreds of years old, is still carried out in the same way by these modern craftsmen.

Thus, from first to last, the jewel bears the same high standard of workmanship. The work of all the craftsmen of this firm is exactly the same, so that one can carry on where another leaves off quite automatically, without making the smallest difference to the finished jewel.

There is not a hint of all this activity above in the luxurious ground-floor show-rooms which provide a fitting setting for the finished jewels. "The Spanish Gallery" is the romantic name of the beautiful new room which links up the New Bond Street and Albemarle Street premises. It is entirely oak-panelled in a striking design, which is the reproduction of an old Spanish monastery. An effect of continuous sunlight is achieved by means of hidden lights behind the windows, so that a stream of golden light shines through them and illuminates the room. This room is an Aladdin's cave of beautiful wedding or birthday presents. The latest forms of watches, cigarette-cases, bijouterie, and objets d'art are collected here, a permanent exhibition of beautiful things combining unusually imaginative designs with flawless workmanship.



THE "MOUNT-MAKING" WORK-ROOM ABOVE CARTIER'S IN NEW BOND STREET, WHERE THE EXTREMELY FINE AND INTRICATE WORK OF MAKING PLATINUM MOUNTS TO THE DESIGN OF EACH JEWEL IS CARRIED OUT. EVERY PART IS DONE BY HAND.



PIERCING MINUTE HOLES IN THE PLATINUM FOR EACH STONE:
ANOTHER DELICATE OPERATION IN THE MAKING OF THE
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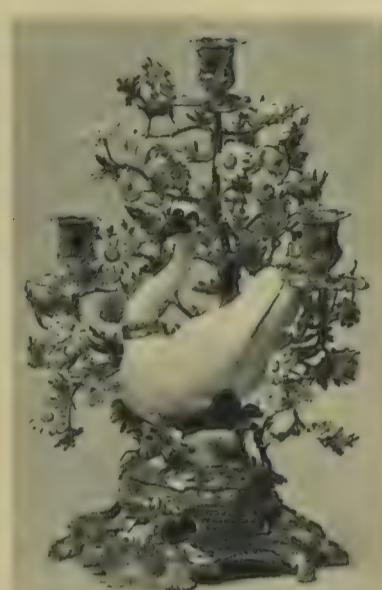
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the property of the late

The Rt. Hon. the EARL OF BALFOUR, K.G., O.M.

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PARIS, 1710, en suite with wine cistern shown
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VERDI AND DEBUSSY AT COVENT GARDEN.

PERHAPS the most perfect performance of the present season at Covent Garden Opera was Rosa Ponselle's rendering of the part of Violetta in Verdi's "La Traviata." "Traviata" is one of the most hackneyed operas in existence. Since its first performance at Venice in 1853—which, by the way, was a failure—it has been played in every opera-house all over the world with unbroken regularity. Even the advent of Wagner and the "music-drama" did little to stay the repetition of "Traviata." Every barrel-organ in the world has for fifty years monotonously tinkled out its melodies, and yet even this has not killed this astonishing opera, which on its revival was the cause of the most enthusiastic applause I have heard this season.

The enthusiasm was aroused by the truly remarkable acting and singing of Rosa Ponselle, who in this performance surpassed the expectations we had formed of her in "Norma." The rôle of Violetta is very exacting. A consumptive heroine who grows weaker and weaker as the opera progresses, and finally dies in the last act, is not exactly an easy task either for a singer or an actress to present sympathetically and convincingly. But Rosa Ponselle acted with such charm, vivacity, and naturalness, and sang so superbly, with such a remarkable command of colour and dynamical tone, that she re-created Verdi's magnificent work for us and made it as fresh as and moving as it must have been when it was written. She was well supported by the rest of the cast, including Gigli, who sang well as Alfredo and was, on the whole, more restrained than in "Marta." It is to be hoped that the management will give us "Rigoletto" this season, with Rosa Ponselle as Gilda, Gigli as the Duke, and Stabile as the jester. That would be a magnificent cast, and it is a long time since we have had a really first-rate production of "Rigoletto" at Covent Garden.

The revival of "Pelléas and Mélisande" was warmly received. This is not everybody's opera, but it is an excellent contrast to the Italian and the German operas, and has many beautiful moments. Maggie Teyte



A FAMOUS SAILING-SHIP WHICH MAY BE USED FOR TRAINING OFFICERS FOR THE MERCANTILE MARINE: THE "HERZOGIN CECILIE."

We understand that the "Sea Lion" Sail Training-Ship Society is contemplating purchasing the Finnish four-masted barque "Herzogin Cecilie." If this takes place, it means that in the near future the Empire will be in possession of at least one ocean-going sailing-ship devoted entirely to the training of future officers for the British Mercantile Marine. The "Sea Lion" Society was founded by Sir William Garthwaite, and is at the moment presided over by Lord Derby. It may be remembered that in the "windjammers" race from Australia to England in May of this year the "Herzogin Cecilie" reached port the first—completing the course in 110 days. She had been successful in several previous ocean races.

appeared in the well-known rôle of Mélisande, and Mr. John Brownlee showed that he is a baritone of exceptional quality and a fine actor in the part of Golaud. The new tenor, Roger Bourdin, was rather disappointing. His voice is not of particularly pleasing quality, and his singing was pedestrian and uninspiring. Mr. Richard Watson was good as Le Médecin. Signor Giorgio Polacco conducted and secured a well-balanced performance of what is certainly the quietest and most soothing opera ever composed.

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To those interested in the British Oversea Dominions, especially if contemplating a trip to the Antipodes, we should like to commend an excellent little book called "Australia To-day": From a Visitor's Point of View. By Arthur J. Wilson. Illustrated (E. J. Larby, 30, Paternoster Row; 5s.). The writer does not pretend to give a comprehensive account of the island continent, but he describes the places he visited, in the principal provinces, during a five months' sojourn, in a chatty, informative style that will probably suit most readers better than many a more ambitious work. Mr. Wilson went to Australia to visit his married daughter who had settled there, and his keen impressions of the country, and of the voyage thither, are just what the average traveller requires. "This is not a Guide Book," he points out, "nor is it a Diary of the experiences of my wife and myself, but rather an attempt to convey an outline of what we saw and what may be expected by any other visitor to Australia." His attempt, we may add, has been singularly successful within his self-imposed limits. The twelve topographical chapters are supplemented by over twenty short appendices on various aspects of Australian life, such as politics, aborigines, costume, sports and pastimes, motoring, houses, food, slang, and the Australian accent. Finally, the author recommends some larger books for readers who may wish to study the subject more extensively.



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BY COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON, R.N.

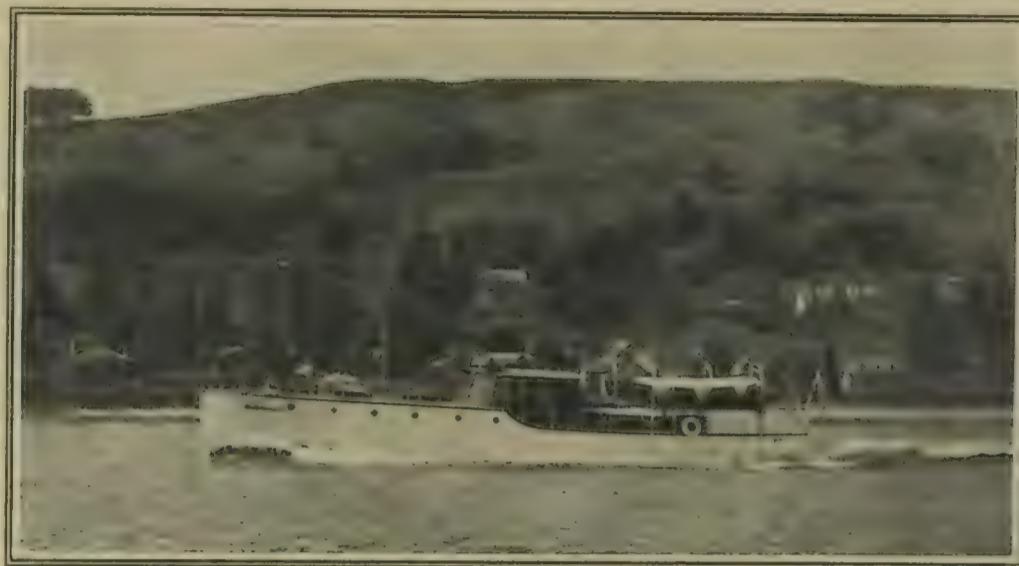
In no sphere are Scotsmen more canny than in yachting. They not only know exactly what they want when they order a yacht, but their building-yards have a happy knack of producing the required vessels. Home industry is almost always supported, with the result that the yachts that hail from Scotland have a very distinct character of their own. Many vessels that are designed and built in the South, for example, contain far too many cabins; but the average Scotsman seldom makes this mistake, for he prefers to arrange the accommodation of his craft to afford the greatest possible comfort for a few. This has been done in the case of the *Westwind*, which has recently been completed by Messrs. James A. Silver and Co., of Rosneath, Glasgow. Though this yacht measures 60 ft., and has a beam of 12 ft., she provides sleeping accommodation for only five persons, excluding the crew, in two double and one single berth cabins. When I say that I look on her as a typical Clyde-built boat, I pay her a compliment, for not only is she of high-class construction, but nothing has been omitted from her that is conducive to comfort.

A crew space forward for two men is provided, with a door at its after end that opens into an alleyway that has the galley to starboard and a single-berth cabin and a toilet room to port. The galley is of more than usual interest, for it contains both an electric and a dissolved-acetylene cooker. The former is an unusual luxury in a vessel of this tonnage, but will undoubtedly be looked upon as a necessity in times to come; whilst the latter is an old friend of mine which, I maintain, should be found in every vessel, however small. I have extolled the merits of dissolved acetylene for cooking purposes on many occasions, on account of its handiness, cleanliness, and

safety, and I feel that my opinion has been finally sealed as sound now that this form of heating has been adopted by a Clyde yachtsman. To make the galley appointments quite complete, a refrigerator has been included which, unlike many of its kind in small yachts, appears to be sufficiently large for long periods at sea.

Abaft the single-berth cabin and galley is the panelled and electrically-heated saloon, with a table and settee to port, and an open space with easy chairs to starboard. At its after end are some steps which lead up to a wheel-house of the usual sort, with all

which is well thought out, and separated from the rest of the accommodation by double bulkheads of asbestos and steel. The after accommodation consists of two double-berth cabins and a toilet-room. It can be reached either from the wheel-house or by means of a hatchway on the starboard side on deck that leads down to a small lobby. Both these double cabins extend over the full beam of the ship, and are each fitted with two fixed bunks. The interior panelling, wheel-house, and raised cabin-top are all of teak. A Reid's electric windlass is fitted, and everything that will save labour is included, electricity being employed wherever possible with that object. This raises an interesting point — namely, whether it is cheaper to reduce the crew required by installing a large and expensive electric plant, or vice versa? Personally, I favour electricity, for, as in the case of the *Westwind*, where heaters, cookers, windlass, and lights must be supplied by the generating plant, it is unlikely that the initial cost of the outfit will exceed that of a small plant, as usually fitted for lighting purposes, by more than £200. This means that in approximately three seasons its cost will be repaid out of the wages that would have been given to a single paid hand. I am open to correction on this point, but it would be interesting to hear the different opinions of owners who keep accurate accounts.



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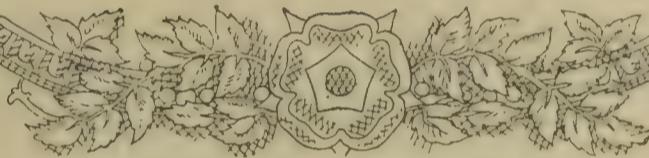
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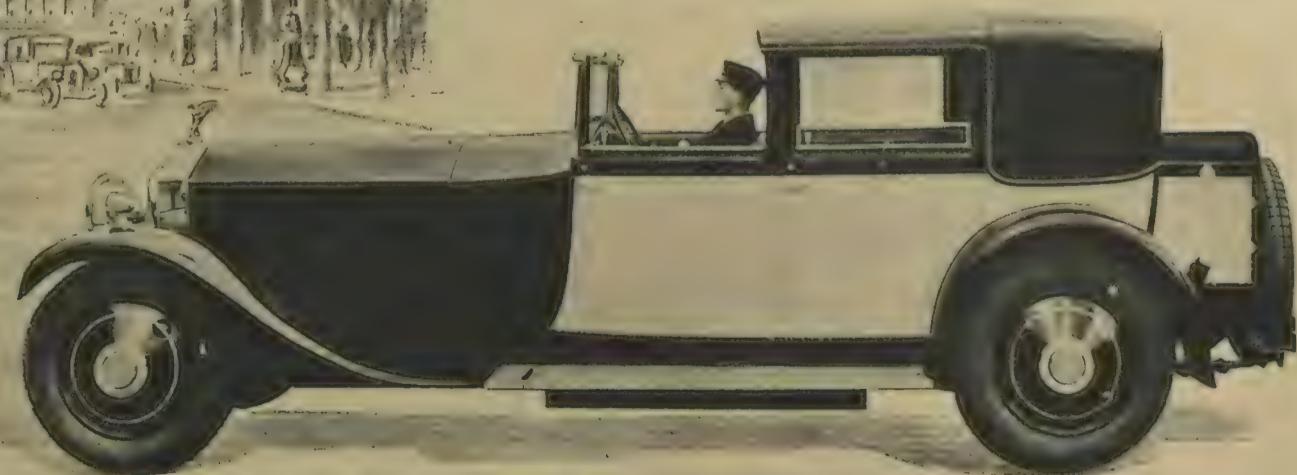
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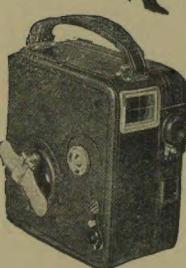


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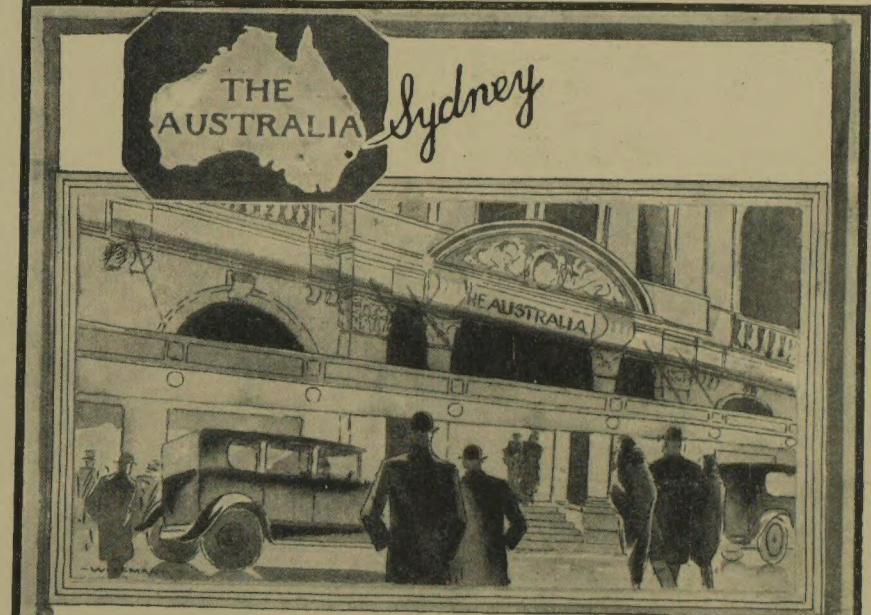
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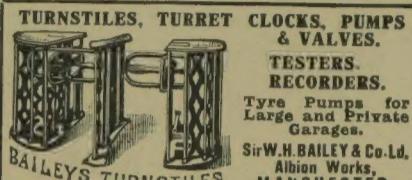


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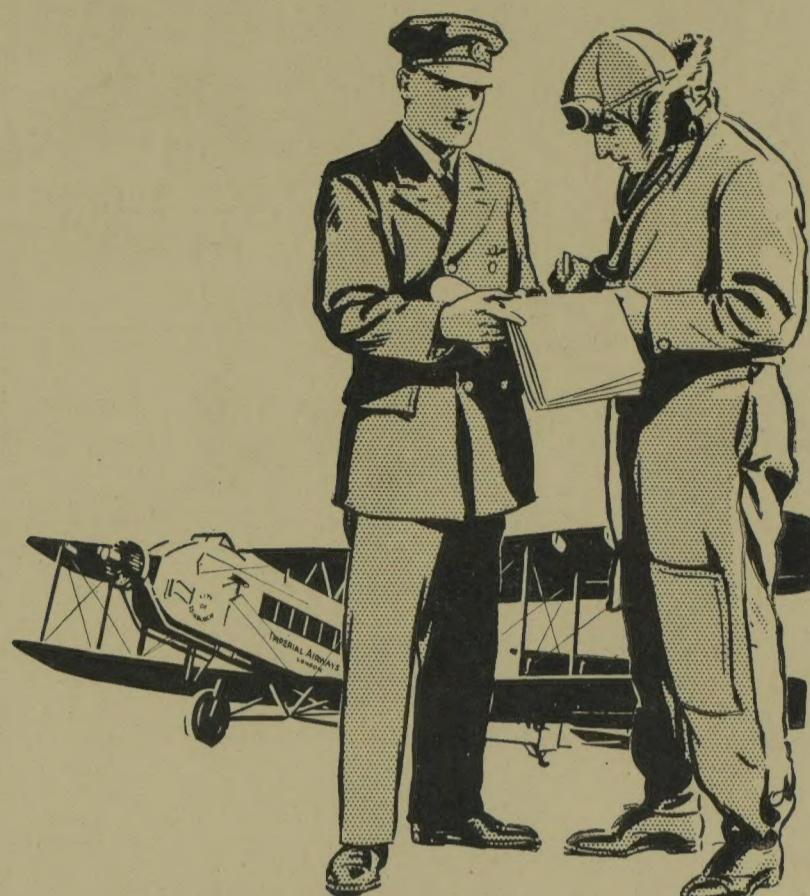
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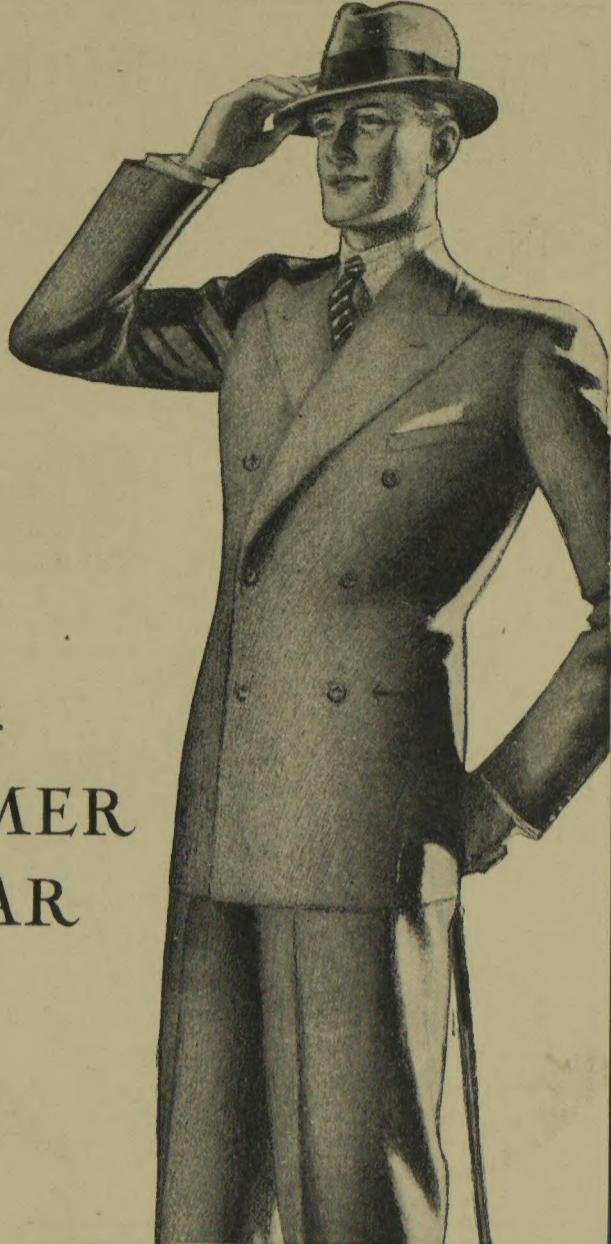
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